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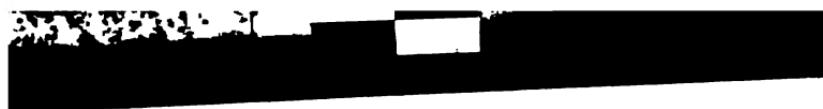
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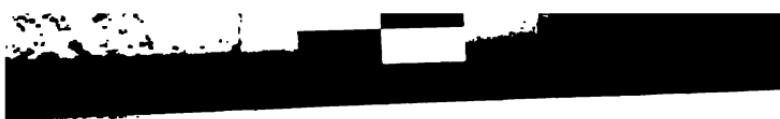
Autograph Edition De Lure

Specially prepared for my friends

H. S. Thalheimer

*This copy in particular for
With the hope and heartfelt wish
that he may live long and
enjoy its contents*

John Bunn



SOME
AFTER DINNER
SPEECHES





Sincerely Yours,
John Bunn

Multum in Parvo

**SOME
AFTER DINNER
SPEECHES**

OF

WILLIAM M. BUNN

Vice-President of the Clover Club

COMPILED WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By JAMES S. McCARTNEY

Secretary of the Clover Club



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NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT



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WILLIAM M. BUNN

1908

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Dedicated

**TO MY LEGAL ADVISER
AND LIFE-LONG FRIEND**

ALBERT STEPNEY LETCHWORTH SHIELDS
A Philadelphia Lawyer



A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John Bunn".



THE INDIVIDUAL

The Hon. William M. Bunn is best known as the brightest star in the constellation of *orators, wits and raconteurs* that illuminates the city of real Brotherly Love. In all the United States, there is no man on whose brow has been placed oftener the laurel wreath of adoring fame for after-dinner speaking; the peer of National raconteurs, the rival of world-famous orators, and the man who out-marshals the keenest wits of the banquet board.

Once Governor of a people by Presidential grace, and always a leader of men by admiring consent; now, and for many years, the chieftain in the repartee that abundantly flows around the famous banqueting board of that celebrated coterie of mental brilliancy, the

The Individual

Clover Club of Philadelphia. As its toastmaster he has broken lances with Presidents, Potentates and Princes, Ambassadors and memorable mental giants of commerce and the professions.

Nowhere is a man so mercilessly flayed on the friendly rack of fellowship as around the Clover board where fast and frolicsome, keen and kind, thought is thrust with unerring accuracy in the ticking of a second. To partake in these oratorical revels, where no drones can compete, brings a peerage in pleasure's realm, but to be the leader of such a body, to combat with the brilliancy of the four parts of the earth and win, is enduring fame. To master Masters; to knight Kings and to teach Teachers has been his play and pleasure.

That you may enjoy him as others have around the Clover board and elsewhere is the object of this book. As

The Individual

secretary for many years of this famous organization, it has always been pleasure and education to have been with this man of men—so I give you on these printed pages his best and his worst; and, as his worst is so far above the best of many others, it is my sincere hope and trust that you too will enjoy, as others have enjoyed, his wanderings among the hills and vales and the cool, green clover field where pastures the Darby Ram.

Enter now *ye high and lowly* to the promised feast, and that you may enjoy it to your heart's content, is the congenial wish of

Yours in the spirit,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "G. W. Barber". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping initial 'G' on the left.



ERRATA.

Page 14 for "exercise" read "exorcise."
" 89 for "Our Clergymen" read "Our Clergyman."
" 114 last line of page, "of" omitted.
" 121 for "indespensable" read "indispensable."
" 126 for "precipitious" read "precipitous."
" 168 for "hie" read "hic."
" 197 for "kaelaidescopic" read "kaleidoscopic."
" 197 for "inextrically" read "inextricably."
" 225 for "transmused" read "transmuted."
" 227 and 229 for "Marsailles" read "Marseillaise."
" 248 for "eratic" read "erratic."
" 253 for "sense and concientious" read "sense of
and conscientious."
" 268 for "aristrocrats" read "aristocrats."
" 270 for "eved" read "ever."
" 280 for "momentuous" read "momentous."
" 331 for "attend the" read "attend to the."
" 344 for "I knew the man" read "I know the man."
" 335 and 341 for "soucci" read "souci."
" 355 for "Barricides" read "Barricades."
" 441 for "record of each" read "record each."
" 451 for "down the burrowing" read "down to
the burrowing."
" 462 for "reverend" read "reverent."
" 473 for "establishment; by" read "establishment.
By"

Together with some others overlooked by divided re-
sponsibility with the printer, attributable chiefly to the
hurry incidental to issuing the publication before
Christmas.



THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE



THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE

As I understand it, after-dinner speech is colloquial, not oratorical; entertaining rather than educational; soothing, not exciting. It should be music, not sound and fury. The inspiration and purpose of the art is to please the assemblage, content the reflecting and satisfy the critical. "The poet is born, not made," quoth Horace. Of the after-dinner speaker, he is born-and-made. Both are of art, born of genius, or something akin to it, matured and refined by culture and experience.

The main charm of the satisfying after-dinner talk is simplicity, its per-

Some After Dinner Speeches

fect art and utter artlessness; its effort should be unconscious, hence unnoticed; its humor spontaneous and sympathetic; its wit instantaneous, void of venom, and adapted to occasion and audience.

The competent after-dinner speaker evinces no sign of immediate, conscious preparation and rehearsal. His mission is to lull care, infuse his own *bon homie* into his audience, exrcise selfishness, allay the sting of regret and flood the dismal soul of gloom with the sunlight of cheerfulness, kindness and sympathetic fraternity.

If he is an orator he will be heard, perforce; if an after-dinner speaker he will talk and his audience listen and absorb. The craft of after-dinner speaking is in its spontaneous natural-

The Why and the Wherfore

ness. The most delicate flattery is to take an audience into confidence and interpret its thoughts. It seeks *nepenthe*; does not come to remember, but to forget. It yearns to rest, hence sight and sound of unwonted exertion weary and disturb digestion. The soft, inaudible sign of satisfaction is more welcome to the after-dinner talker than noisy applause. To understand an audience and be equal to the occasion is the seal and stamp of the representative and successful after-dinner speaker. He recognizes that his opportunity comes with the happy conditions that ripen the after-dinner audience into receptive mood.

Mark Twain discovered that: "Clams will lie still if music be played to them." The average after-dinner company is

Some After Dinner Speeches

never so gentle as in its healthy digestive process. The savage is mild and tractable after meals. The Cannibal never feels so kindly toward men in general as when he has just dined, off a fat man in particular.

Civilized man is in his happiest mood after a generous feast of solids, judiciously moistened. He is an optimist, *pro tem*, ready and anxious to believe life is worth living and that there is much that is good and gentle, sympathetic and loving in humanity. The world that was gray and grim an hour since has undergone a material transformation. Utopia is! It invites to joy and confidence, and he is ready to respond.

The after-dinner speaker who cannot entertain, if not charm, his audience,

The Why and the Wherefore

has mistaken his call or misunderstood the conditions and requirements. Nevertheless, after-dinner speaking is subject to no hard and fast formula of rules. It is an art rather than an exact science. The speaker must understand his audience and adapt himself to it. In manner, matter, pose and voice he must be natural. Without apparent effort his speech must be modulated to reach, pleasantly, the limits of the room and fall caressingly on the ears and senses of his audience, and must be without any indication of study or labor.

Most imperative is brevity! There can be too much of even a good thing. I would limit the most competent after-dinner speaker to ten minutes; the successful one seldom exceeds that limit.

Some After Dinner Speeches

He should remember there are always a few others listed who, having toiled as manfully as himself in preparation of impromptu remarks, are in grinding suspense lest he may anticipate them—great minds sometimes flowing in the same channel. It is characteristic of the abounding charity and gentle tolerance of the well-fed, judiciously-wined after-dinner audience to call time on that class of ambitious volunteers who lag superfluous. The ideal after-dinner audience is a rational, social gathering, adventitiously in its best mood. It never thinks of thinking of itself at all. It is self-indulgent, but not self-conscious. It ignores creed, caste and pedigree. It endorses the axiom that all men were born equal, and' it tem-

The Why and the Wherefore

porarily forgets that some of them didn't grow up so.

The after-dinner audience experiences in the few peaceful hours allotted to its enjoyment the one foretaste of elysium permitted to humanity. The after-dinner talker who dispels the flitting illusion deserves the sentence of Tantalus; as an artist he wouldn't be eligible to a cobbler's labor union.

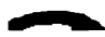
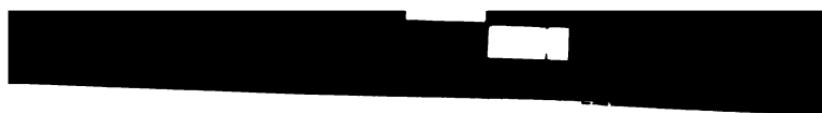
It is much easier to indicate what a condition should not be than what it should. I cannot do better than approve a few examples of what I have risked and then take to the woods until the hunt is over.

John Burroughs



PHILADELPHIA

*At a Dinner of the American Pulp and Paper
Association in the Waldorf-Astoria New York*



PHILADELPHIA

MR. CHAIRMAN:

Fittingly seated here with the veterans, in the Amen corner, I have given a hearty, if silent, affirmative response to all that has been said of this opulent occasion and the cause which inspired and promoted it. I beg leave to indulge, and mildly express, the hope that you will understand I do not always speak when invited to, nor, indeed, often. I have always been an advocate of the eloquence of silence. All the great forces of nature get their work in silently. Even the lightning of Heaven gets its work in and has gotten away before the telltale thunder comes rolling and rumbling along to say:

Some After Dinner Speeches

“ Oh, see what I did.” The lightning was silent. I do not belong to the thunder brigade. That’s the reason my voice is so seldom heard.

But, Mr. Chairman, while the true Philadelphian rarely barters the gold of silence for the silver of speech, he is affable for all that; and having broken my lifelong rule of silence, and as you have said I would talk for Philadelphia, I’ll make a few tributary remarks about our great old city, because I have grown up in it, if not with it. We are, as you know, an exceptionally moral community, a kind of instalment plan millennial. Our whole city and social life are an oasis of peace, fairness, personal, social and political probity and open-faced candor. Nobody cheats his neighbor; nobody slanders his neighbor.

Philadelphia

I have always regarded New York as Philadelphia's most thrifty and pleasant suburb. The only bar to your quiet and moral city becoming the residence and home of Philadelphia merchants and business men has been, heretofore, the distance separating you from us; but the progress of railroading that has done so much to obliterate space in the past quarter of a century will, I am happy to think, soon overcome that obstacle. Of course, you know in a general way, that a great business mart and centre like Philadelphia is not the place for a quiet home. I know this to be true because a number of our wealthy men, who find themselves able to support more helpless women above the age of consent than the strict laws of the land, and of duty, could compel, main-

Some After Dinner Speeches

tain contingent domestic relations here, and, I am informed, do so on a liberal scale of expenditure. Hence, I am glad to say the relations between Philadelphia and her pet suburb are most cordial and intimate. We help and patronize New York, and New York is, or seems to be, grateful for it. Your gratitude is not of the effervescent kind, but we do not expect that.

If I were disposed to talk, Mr. Chairman, and your courtesy constrained you to listen, I would tell you that Philadelphia needs no one to talk for her—she asks no favors except the favor of having her bounties accepted. She is rich in her own right. She draws her wealth from afar. Her arms reach to the Orient, take tribute from the Crescent, and bond and band the world with her mer-

Philadelphia

chandise. Her mariners plough every known sea, and her merchants levy tribute on the wide world. She points, with modest exultation, to her majestic buildings and splendid streets; she takes pride in her merchant-princes and manufacturers, in her freedom from crime, and in her quite perfect municipal government. Philadelphia has some professional reformers who supply a lack of Christian grace with hypocritical cant, who have their own methods of statesmanship, and all the morals of Tammany Hall—and, we seem to thrive in spite of, rather than through them.

Philadelphia's locomotive engines waken the sleeping echoes of mountain glen and desert plain on both hemispheres; her warships are monitors of

Some After Dinner Speeches

peace the broad seas over. Her capitalists call the roll of their plethoric millions, and banquet the world's multi-millionaires for pleasant pastime. She has always been Republican, but didn't always know it. Being a manufacturing city, she manufactures her own Republican majorities.

Philadelphia may be slow, but she is correspondingly safe. If we were twenty-five years in completing our City Hall, it was paid for when completed, and no breath of scandal ever stirred the silent air of content during its building; and there it stands a monument for all time—a thing of beauty and a joy forever. We may, as we stroll through its corridors, now and then hear some tearful sighs and be subdued by pity, but we recall that the la-

Philadelphia

ment came from a disappointed seeker after place, and we turn our eyes to the sculptured columns and friezes and rejoice in our grandeur.

Our Parkway has been plotted on the city plan, and we are all looking forward, with joyous hope, to the day when it shall be filled with the glad acclaim of a million people, admiring its delicious proportions with enjoyment heightened by ownership and public pride. What a majestic and magnificent improvement over the ruins and alleys that now disfigure and disgrace the vista it is proposed to cover with the Parkway! Ruins symbolize the wishes and fate of man; the weakness of his works, the fleetingness of his existence. Who can visit an old ruins, where the thistles nod on the wall, where



Some After Dinner Speeches

as he enters, a flight of bats chokes him with the dust of departed glory; with here the nests of obscene birds, there the webs of spiders that cause him to pause and meditate—then, indeed, the mystic soil, borrowing the impress of time and destiny, makes every particle of air in the realm of decay vocal with pathetic tidings. It is Philadelphia's purpose to destroy all evidence of decay on the line, or in the vision of the Parkway, and erect a living, lasting monument to the greatness of our time, to the wisdom of our people.

Our ship canal to the open sea is only awaiting development, and when it shall have been completed, and Philadelphia sits at the entry of the sea, she will become the beautiful mistress of the earth, haughty in her radiant raiment,

Philadelphia

with the tiara of commerce on her brow. When all the improvements we have in mind have been completed, Philadelphia will become voluptuous and lift up into the blue ether her marble palaces and golden towers, and cities, such as New York and Boston and Chicago, now considered great and glorious, will be as empty sepulchers with shadowy forms. We have the money ready to finish all the work under consideration, and I want to say, and this is in confidence, we have the contractors ready for the money.

Philadelphia is proverbially a city of homes and clean door steps. We have observatories on some of our houses, mortgages on more of them and delinquent taxes on most of them. Indeed, Philadelphia boasts of being a city of

Some After Dinner Speeches

homes and taxes them accordingly. When the people yerk, she reduces the tax rate, and increases the property valuation to enable her to go deeper into debt. We have music in our parks for those who can get there, and cat concerts in the back alleys for the stay-at-homes. These cat concerts have been a great success, on merely moral principles, because the cats, like the police and firemen, have been taken out of politics. We have the headquarters of the Asphalt Trust and the Lake Superior Syndicate—the hindquarters haven't been discovered yet, but our detectives think they have a clue.

Philadelphia's banks overflow with cash and her treasury with deficits—if our alleged newspapers are to be be-

Philadelphia

lieved, and, of course, you know they are.

She boasts free seats in her churches and free lunches in her high licensed saloons; she has plenty of water, such as it is, and more where that comes from. Her statesmen rank high and her local politicians have prompt poles for truant persimmons, in season and out of season. Our latchstring is always out and society manners on tap. When we hang our harps on willow limbs we always tie a string to them.

Having shunted our horse car system over to this village of New York, we are replacing it with overhead and underground systems, and we have the best surface system in all the world, a few maralls to the continuous contrary notwithstanding. We have some peo-

Some After Dinner Speeches

ple of long pedigree and we bow our reverent heads to the ancient family tree and doff our hats to the memory of sainted sires.

Philadelphia, Mr. Chairman, is rich in her present, but richer in her past. She holds in her bosom the palladium of liberty, she knows her rights and dares maintain them. The Polar Star is her trysting place, and the American Eagle roosts and rests lovingly and confidently on her shoulder. With one foot on the Occident, the other on the Orient, the scepter in her hand, the trumpet to her lips, she strides the world and calls it Home, Sweet Home. All in all, Philadelphia is the glory of America and blushes for more of it. She toils beneath the shadow of the old flag and keeps sturdy step to the music

Philadelphia

of the union. Her motto is progress and her trend is onward and upward. She is my mistress, and I love her and cherish her for the beauty of her youth now ripened into the glory of developed womanhood. Her glory is our glory, her name is engraven on our hearts and her deeds enshrined in our lives. Her watchword is Truth and her emblem Eternity. Philadelphia was the home of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson; she is the eyrie of the Eagle, the home of the Liberty Bell, whose ten thousand echo lips rang out the spirit of universal enfranchisement. She is the seat of all patriotic sentiment. Whose pulse does not beat, higher, faster, prouder as he says: "This is my own, my native land?"

Mr. Chairman, I congratulate you all

Some After Dinner Speeches

on the world being happier and better for your living in it, and I congratulate myself that I have been permitted to join in the general feeling here that applauds the wisdom and happy privilege of wealth that can assemble around its hospitable board, with such delightful and well chosen surroundings, old friends to revive old ties, renew old memories, and for the time at least, dismiss all care and anxiety. Such reunions relax the mind, freshen the spirit and make a bright spot in the dark background of life. I want to congratulate this Association upon its enlargement of business, and its faculty for gathering in wealth, and for its liberality in dispensing some of it in such a felicitous manner—as well as thank you for your attention.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

*At the Memorial Dinner of the Clover Club
to the Grand Army of the Republic in the Hotel
Bellevue Philadelphia*



GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES:

You have given me a most difficult task, and I very much fear my emotions may overcome me, for, as I listened to, and throbbed with the music of the band to-night, as it played the old inspiring airs, the past came overpoweringly back to me. Again, I heard the bugle call, the rush and tread of the storied braves, the shout of victory, the cheers of the conquerors, the groans of the fallen, to whom death comes in the hour and article of victory. Such memories abide forever. Time ripens, mellows and hallows, but never dissipates them and the shadowy hosts stand

Some After Dinner Speeches

around us to-night, as their substantial forms were wont to do of yore, eloquent in their muteness. Their work is done, their glory secure.

More than a third of a century has gone by on airy pinions since we stood side by side in the serried ranks of war, our lives, our hopes, our mission one. Now they sleep the long, dreamless sleep beneath the daisy spangled sod. We live on to feel their glory and tell the rising generation of their doughty deeds.

Whether theirs or ours be the enviable lot, time alone will reveal. As we silently drink to their immortal memory, now, we share their glory and seal their fame anew. The passions and enmities of war have perished and in their stead is harmony. Day by day increases it.

Grand Army of the Republic

and night by night confirms it. Who that looks back over the stretch of years can fail to see and reverently recognize the hand of a Divine destiny in these portents? Who would grudge the blood and toil he gave to the cause of human progress?

I would not exchange my soldier life for crown and sceptre!

The golden age of unexampled prosperity that is ours now, grows out of the war of '61 and '65. That golden age has but begun. We shall not live to see its sun at zenith.

The whole world, which we lead, joins in the benefits of the toils and sacrifices of the men of the Grand Army of the Republic; joins unconsciously in our paeans to the unforgotten braves.

The grim, gray seas that lash their

Some After Dinner Speeches

shores join hoarsely in the perpetual hymn, and sympathizing skies bend down to blend and bless the rites and ceremonies of this memorial season. To man's honor he is not ungrateful. We, as Americans, look out over the wide world and see our flag to the fore leading the hosts of peace, her whispering folds vocal with songs of triumph to the memory of our heroic dead. We see the nations of the earth, sinking envy and malice, joining the procession, the banner over all being peace; and we know the unnumbered hosts that succeed us are competent to hold their heritage. This is the harvest of '61, and it is coming home to ready garners.

The old soldier may sing: "I would I were a boy again," but he grows older

Grand Army of the Republic

as he sings. He cannot outflank old Time. He may read of the elixir of life, but he cannot find it. He may sigh for that alchemy which promises youth again, but he sighs in vain. Yet, despite his knowledge of the drawing near of the time for the beating of his life's tattoo, he can keep the delights of spring ever in his heart by remembering that, notwithstanding, Time or Fortune's changes, it is his duty, and I know it is his pleasurable duty, to keep the memory of his comrades, living or dead, ever fresh and green.

Though we cannot renew our youth, we can refresh the memories of the past, the pledges of the future. We can, as we whirl swiftly back on the car of retrospection, lingering here to drop a tear, pausing there to lisp a prayer



Some After Dinner Speeches

over the dust of comrades, swear fealty to those who survive. Let us remember, gratefully, that we of the G. A. R. stand apart, in some respects, from the rest of the world, especially in our friendships; that we are the trophies of the passover, sprinkled with the blood of those who died. Our pledges of mutual friendship and love are written with points of steel dipped in blood, witnessed in Death's prison chamber and sacred and full of living meaning to the brave.

Through the work of the men of the Grand Army of the Republic, the past is secure. It is an imperishable, glorious part of history.

Were the American Union disrupted to-morrow, its members divided into warring States its States into jarring

Grand Army of the Republic

communities, the problem of free government would have been already solved. The American Union would occupy the brightest pages in all the history of the world.

As long as the human race should exist, and the human heart pant for freedom, the example of the past century furnished by these United States would be quoted, aye, venerated, until its deeds were emulated, its perfection approximated. The past is secure! Guarded by the spirits of the mighty dead whose blood cemented the arch of the Union; embalmed in the memory of devoted patriotism, surrounded by the monuments of mighty achievements, sanctified by the conquest of self for the public good, the past of the American Union is immortal. It can defy success-

Some After Dinner Speeches

fully, and triumphantly outlive the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds. The history of every other nation is made up of the deeds, the achievements of kings over the people; the history of this country is one of the triumphs of the people alone. The past is secure! Upon the present rests the security of the future.

The present can only rest securely upon public virtue and intelligence. In a country whose sons are brave, whose daughters are virtuous, upon the altars of whose hearts burn the perpetual fires of freedom fed by the sacred memories of the past, fanned by the glowing hopes and aspirations of the future, the cause of liberty and human progress is doubly safe.

To us belongs the present. Let us

Grand Army of the Republic

but be true to the trust bequeathed to us by the four hundred thousand of "the true, the brave who died, our ransomed soil, to save." Let us continue to lay stone upon stone, hewn out and made ready to our hands by their sacrifices; stone upon stone on the glorious superstructure they builded so well —so much better than they knew—the broad and deep foundation for, and we shall transmit to our posterity, in turn, the mighty structure on which all the world, and for all the world, rests the ark of the covenant of human freedom. Already its sturdy walls and serried battlements tower so high they overshadow the struggling kingdoms and empires of the old world, and the azure field in the bright constellation of the starry flag of the American Union



Some After Dinner Speeches

chafes the coping of Heaven's blue dome and rivals the astral lamps in the temples of the skies; and the Goddess of Liberty damps her pinions in the dew of the clouds as she lovingly shakes out the folds of the bright banner of our sires proclaiming to a wondering world: This way to greatness and to glory.

Mr. President: The Clover Club proposes a toast to the dead and the living of the Grand Army of the Republic.

THE MAN AND THE HOUR

*At a Dinner in honor of the Governor Elect
Edwin S. Stuart in the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford
Philadelphia*



THE MAN AND THE HOUR.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

It is the religion of the world to greet the risen sun with praise and prayer-praise to sweeten him up by the unctuous oil of adulation, so that the prayer for office and favor may follow with thrift the fawning of the kinked knee. As I have no personal favors to ask, and as I was about the first to believe the prediction that nothing but death could defeat our beloved fellow-member in his race for the high honor that now crowns his level head, I do not need to flatter, hence no flattery tunes these tributary lays.

We are not here to gloat over the defeat of any man, but to congratulate and to compliment each other; rejoice

Some After Dinner Speeches

in a dear friend's splendid success and celebrate one of those rare conjunctions in history wherein the hour and the man come together. The man and the hour often come. Seldom, rarely indeed, do they come together. When these rare conjunctions do occur history chronicles one of those infrequent epochs in the annals of mankind, wherein human progress shakes off its clogging shackles and vaults forward centuries in a decade. We need not ransack ancient history for examples. Its pages, sacred and profane, flash out, after rare intervals, indeed, with the records of such wonderful conjunctions. All adown the annals of recorded time the pages of flitting centuries are marked by the imprint of giant's footsteps that shine along its track like the heel-marks

The Man and the Hour

of angels—the bright particular stars across the glorious galaxy of Haven.

Let me refresh your memories by citing a very few comparatively modern instances. When the struggling millions of the East, cramped and hedged about by limits, wherein faction, with all its baleful sequel of ills, and human misery alone could thrive, when the harvest time of their prayers for deliverance from the tyrant's heel, the oppressor's yoke, came, three diminutive sails were swelling with virgin winds, three tiny hulls were ploughing unknown seas in search of a new world, urged forward by a man whose tamest, most timid dreams seemed monstrous madness—but the hour had come and Christopher Columbus came with it.

When the sturdy brawn and match-



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less, patient courage and endurance of the early pioneers had uprooted forests, reclaimed valleys, subdued wild beasts and wilder men; when they had built habitations, inclosed fields and tickled the smiling earth with hoes in sturdy hands until it laughed with generous harvests; when they had built ships and founded cities until their dawning wealth and prosperity excited the cupidity of the Old World, the ready tyrant's heel was placed upon their necks, the oppressor's heavy yoke keyed upon their strong shoulders; but when, in the plan of Providence, the full time of deliverance arrived, lo, the man was ready. George Washington, with his tattered army, dictated terms of peace to the haughty monarch of millions. The hour had come and the man came with it.

The Man and the Hour

When a political party, corrupted by long power and wrong principles, had written libel all over the fair face of the Declaration of Independence; when a race of fellowmen, in cruel and unnatural bondage, flooded away the heavy hours in tears; when from over half our broad land the ear of heaven was burdened by the cries and groans and curses drawn from four million slaves by lash and bludgeon and chains, whose shrinking backs crimsoned in blood at the embrace of cruel whip; when the gentle Goddess of Liberty hid her face in shame and assembled worlds greeted with scorn and derision the claims of the land of slavery to the title of freedom—behold the red sea! A red sea of blood opening an escape, parting its waves before the suffering, oppressed

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race, into the land of promise, and their oppressors were swallowed up in the returning tides. The hour had come, and Abraham Lincoln had come with it. And now, though little more than a third of a century has elapsed, the party which Abraham Lincoln founded and baptized with his own blood, while yet the sun of its success rode high in a peaceful meridian, was threatened with disruption. Its Judas Iscariots were jingling the blood-money in their treacherous hands, and the ghost of free trade stalked forth from its long banishment, hideous with the sloth of years, reeking with the filth of cavern solitude. The sneers of the foes of party loyalty mingled with the jeers of lying, hypocritical traitors. Shall the hope of the people perish? Shall the prop of pros-

The Man and the Hour

perity fall? Oh, no, Mr. Chairman, the hour had come and the man came with it. Let me briefly outline him to you. Listen! Forty odd years ago a bright-eyed, sturdy boy, tanned with the sun and winds, with a basketful of books on his arm, paused a moment in his ardent, wearying labor to watch the bold, strong flight of a stray eagle bent on its journey to the sky. As he watched its steady, daring course, never tiring, never swerving, the still small voice of a chastened ambition whispered to his heart:

“Let the course of the eagle’s flight ever be thine,
Upward and onward and true to the line.”

He has kept that whisper ever in his heart. No eagle ever pulsed the air with steadier wing or eye more firmly

Some After Dinner Speeches

fixed on the glorious mark of its high calling. His work, his ambitions have ever been prompted by the throbings of his honest heart. His foot finds welcome way to the dwellings of poverty, his tones are heard in the halls of wealth. His voice is a familiar one when a friend is needed. The old lean upon him, and he leads the young by the hand and points the way, by precept and example, to nobler aims, higher ambition, holier purposes. His chosen path is over seemingly insurmountable obstacles, his holiday recreation the work of giants, in leisure he hews down "a passage unto day through the ebon walls of night."

He has never been vanquished, and, in the bright lexicon of the realm whither tends the eagle's flight, there is

The Man and the Hour

no such word as fail. Above suspicion and beyond reproach, he has passed through the seven times heated furnace of envy, malice, revenge, jealousy, hate, selfishness and fusion bitterness, and emerged, without the smell of fire on his garments—the savior of the Republican party in its hour of deadly peril.

His name and his fame grace this symposium, and when the time shall have come to consider the succession to that other great man of the hour, Theodore Roosevelt, the name and the fame of our well-beloved member, Edwin S. Stuart, may be blazoned on the banners leading the procession of favorite sons.



FELLOWSHIP AND THANKSGIVING

*At a Thanksgiving Dinner of the Clover Club
in the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford Philadelphia*



FELLOWSHIP AND THANKS- GIVING.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

Such a dinner as this is an educator, promoter and reformer of nature. It gives to social contact a lofty duty and purpose. It combines intellectual endeavor with rational enjoyment. It inculcates the amenities of social contact and prepares the man for general usefulness. It makes the man who is social, at all times, useful in emergency. It trains timid natures to self-confidence, incites slothful ones to action and confirms the courage of the self-reliant. It gives to life an object for its leisure time and that object—ever lofty, ever ennobling—is the easing of

Some After Dinner Speeches

sorrows load on the shoulders of our fellowmen, by generously, for the time, at least, sharing the burden. It does that and more. In the continual contact of self with other selves it neutralizes selfishness into harmony of purpose and brings us to the embracing of the thought of a regard for each other that brightens, softens and strengthens this special bond of fraternal fellowship.

Darwin tells us we have sprung from the lower animals, that we inherit their pugnacity; that we are born fighters; that our development has sprung from constant strife with each other; that the stimulus to progress has been, and is, appeal to our baser passions. I do not vouch for this theory, neither affirming nor denying it; but I am glad I did not

Fellowship and Thanksgiving

live so long ago. I prefer to contemplate man in his noblest phase, that of a social animal, and, even though his physical development may have come from strife, to regard him only in his social and moral progress. What we may be I know not, nor care to ask. Unto me the longer I live the more pleasant become the rites of fellowship, the mutual, altruistic promptings—a love that hallows all it touches, consecrates all it envelops.

This old world is good enough for me, whatever and wherever its genesis. Let it continue to give me the joys of conviviality, of mutual sympathy, of brotherly love, the faith of friendship, the trust of brotherhood and I am content.

As we grow older, and all of us do that, we tighten the cords of this fel-

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lowship. As one brother after another slips from hand clasp into sacred memory the circle lessens its lines, but increases its tensile strength and the sacred embers on the fane deepen in the ashes of a love refined.

It is contrast that heightens enjoyment; it is the joy of meeting in the present that compensates the pain of parting in the past, and so we meet here in this haven of fellowship to forget care, while in mutual exchange of fraternal affection and devotion we recuperate and refit life, brightened, and broadened and deepened and sweetened and sanctified anew, so that with bonds tightened and hope heightened we are ready to go forth to meet life's struggles.

It matters naught what the pursuit,

Fellowship and Thanksgiving

there is always a contest. Over the struggle of the rivals swells the victor's song, and the manly man always joins in the chorus—though, sometimes, the note is falsetto.

It has been my experience, I fancy I'm not an exception, to join in the chorus.

Here, to-night, there is no strife. The mind and the soul of man expand by contact with others, and unconsciously we renew the bonds of brotherhood. The armament of self, with which every man armors, as protection from the world, falls off him at the periphery of this club's dining table. For the time he ceases to live within himself and enters a wider, freer world; and let me tell you that the man who constantly lives within himself, lives in a



Some After Dinner Speeches

world incapable of expansion. There is a life that lives in and with its fellow-man—I mean the fellowship that is necessary to social and moral development. We find it here. If sometimes it froths upon the brim of the champagne chalice or effervesces in the breath of song, finds silent expression in brotherly hand clasp or glance of friendly, sympathetic eye, thereby, brother imparts strength to brother, friend exchanges burden with friend and the whole world grows brighter, broader, better, because man has exercised his duty and privilege of becoming for the time a brother's keeper. Isn't all that much to be thankful for?

It is well to give thanks. There is always something to be thankful for and the cheerful heart is a bubbling

Fellowship and Thanksgiving

wellspring of unconscious thanksgiving. Everyone versed in classical lore knows the story of the pious, old lady whose husband fell from the third storey of an unfinished building and broke his neck, causing almost instant death. "I'm thankful it's no worse," she said, "he might have come down feet foremost, broken a leg or two, lingered along for a while and then there'd have been the doctor's bill to pay, as well as the undertaker's." There's philosophy for you, the cheerful spirit in perennial bubbling—as long as the suffering is by proxy.

Who is not thankful for the all too recent flurry in the stock market? The fellow who wasn't in it is thankful that the other fellow had the goods. The lambs who went in woolly and came out

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sheared are thankful, in a negative way, that they don't feel well themselves.

And, we of the Clover Club, what is it that quickens our pulsebeats in votive tribute to the All Giver? What angel with live-coal from a golden altar, close by the Great White Throne, touches our lips and bids us speak in tongues? What is it vibrates the latent chord into harmony until the grand orchestra, with volume swelling, through sighing softness, into one tumultuous symphony of triumphant jubilee, floats aloft, mingles with and is absorbed in the storied strains of angelic choirs? Verily the impulse of omnipotent spell is upon us and in grateful humility we can say and feel it is good for us to be here.

Let us be thankful, in this season of

Fellowship and Thanksgiving

National thanksgiving, that we can, and once again do, break the bread and drink from the cup in living remembrance of Him who by cheerful example and loving precept forged the links and welded the chain of brotherly love and communion, predestined to bind together the children of men in one common bond of brotherhood. Let us be profoundly grateful that common brotherhood needs no formulated creed, no stately formality, nor sacerdotal garb. It is inborn, "the flowers of Eden we still inherit, though the trail of the serpent is over them all." It is earnest of the triumph of a contest through the entombed centuries over the merely animal. It was conceived in no pomp, brought forth in no pageant. The shifting sand upon the then verdant, flower-



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spangled shore of Galilee retains no naked footprints; the wake of eddies from the keel of the boat upon the shimmering surface was transient, evanescent; Pilate long since completed Herod's conspiracy, but the germ of the new commandment took root, flowered and fruited into the Common Brotherhood of Man. The stately cedars still wave on Lebanon in the glory of perennial verdure. In whispering symphony from their interlacing boughs, as arms clasped in solicitous, sympathetic embrace, arises in mandatory murmurs: "Love ye one another; bear ye one another's burdens." And the winged winds, faithful and constant to their mission, have through all the lapsing centuries wafted that message to all the world.

Fellowship and Thanksgiving

We, of the Clover Club, have this to be thankful for, not the precept only, but the example. Not example alone, but the inspiration, even the inspiration of the life that was, and is, in them both. Lacking the inspiration, this well-spring of enduring life, vain were precept and example, vain the bond of brotherhood, the pledge of fellowship, for they would be but solemn mockery. Isn't this something to be worthy of, to be grateful for? Isn't it much?

It is only human sympathy, fraternal fellowship, to be sure, and ought not to be scarce in the world in this epoch of progress. Neither is it; but the world is wide and full; the need great, and diminishing stores must have continual replenishment. The chiefest prompting to grateful thanksgiving is that here



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is the common treasury, the inexhaustible source of supply. That we can avail of it freely and add our quota to it continually, let us be thankful. Thankful for the habitual philosophy of cheerfulness that characterizes the Cloverite, which he carries with him into every day life and irradiates his presence like a halo, dispelling gloom, leading a way out of the labyrinthine mazes of despondency and despair. Thankful for the brotherly hand clasp that completes the electric circuit between two fully charged heart batteries. Oh, let us be thankful!

A POST-PRANDIAL PRATTLE

*At a Dinner of the Paper Trade Association
of Philadelphia in the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford
Philadelphia*



A POST-PRANDIAL PRATTLE

MR. TOASTMASTER:

There are some things, which in my opinion, and, of course, that opinion is, in no way based upon what I have heard this evening, some things which are more honored in the breach than in the observance. I often ruminate and the result of my solitary reflections is that the moss-grown custom of post-prandial prattling is a humbug. No one really cares for it, and, look, who's here, and see how it operates. Each man who thinks and hopes he will be called out comes heavily loaded with an extemporaneous speech, and has no interest in anybody or anything else until he has had his ~~elocution~~.



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He has, in most cases, been practicing for weeks before his mirror in the solitude and safety of his lair, and he wants to make an effective hit. He yearns to be remembered. Consequently, he can have no interest in anything or anybody else before he is called, because he is mentally going over his few remarks—trying them on the dog, as it were. After he has fired himself off at the suffering company, most of whom have never done him a single wrong, thereby engendering dyspepsia, the blue devils and other ills, he has still less interest in anyone else because he is wrapped in wonderment as to what the general opinion is of his effort. Holding such well authenticated and established views, Mr. Toastmaster, I shall make no serious effort to hold the abun-

A Post-prandial Prattle

dant ears of this association. I feel I am justified in confessing to a hesitancy to appear here this evening, not only on account of my modesty, but because I had not the exact dimensions of this organization. I did not know how high it is prepared to soar; how deep it is disposed to dive. I am inclined to think it was curiosity, more than aught else, that acted as an inducing motive to get me here. I wanted to see for myself what kind of men the paper trade is made of, upon what meat you feed that you have grown so great. An old acquaintance of many years, who first suggested to me the advisability of my meeting the members of the Paper Trade Association at one of their already famous dinners, said to me: "They are the finest lot of men



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I know, and they'll give you a great night." I had looked on the Colonel for a good many years as a liar of pretty high standard; but I now confess I am ashamed of myself, for I have caught him in the act of telling the truth, and doing it without a blush. It would require a volume as big as the old-fashioned "*Fox's Book of Martyrs*," with which I am confident this company is conspicuously familiar, to contain a tithe of the good things which might be truthfully said about this occasion and those who occasioned it; and much as I would be pleased to listen to the recital, I do not feel myself equal to the pleasurable task of making it. I was naturally pleased and flattered with the compliment of an invitation. I am impelled to this declaration by the

A Post-prandial Prattle

apprehension that my face—that is, my closed face—doesn't show it as vividly as my heart feels it. In this world a fellow has to suppress all appearance of emotion so frequently—if not, indeed, continually—that by the time he reaches the age of, well, I will say accountability, he has become so habituated to suppression that his face refuses to register the ticking of his heart—that is, his closed face. When his face is open things are different. Then the tongue and the thirst refuse to be suppressed. That's the reason why I tell you my pleasure at being one of your guests, and that's why you believe me when I tell you I am glad I'm alive.

It is something to have lived in the world of to-day. There is no room for



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sloth or idleness in it. Never in all history has the world been so rich, never the wealth so generally divided, never charity so universal. There is room for all who live, work for all who want it and wages for all who work. Never has the outlook seemed more promising than at this hour. The world was never so free as to-day. The man of to-day reaches his head up into the blue ether and inhales the free air of heaven, and no man dare say him nay, because this is the age of progress, freedom and prosperity. We have no room in the world to-day for the calamity prophet nor the chronic growler; neither is there any remedy but public scorn and repression. We stand to-day at the portals of a new era of civilization. The times have neither use nor room

A Post-prandial Prattle

for sluggards. The world was made for man's social development, a sphere of individual development, mental, moral and social—a world of the living, not of the dead. The man ceases to live when he is no longer useful to society.

We are living in a live, fast growing country. We are young, but sturdy and full of achievement.

If a few years have achieved so much for this country, what of the future? Look out upon the world! Behold our own glorious banner heading the procession of world-powers by common consent. The Angel of Peace flits brooding over the broad face of America with half-drawn sword; a formal placard pickets our two thousand miles of coast line in friendly warning to



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foreign powers to keep off the grass. Every road leads to Washington and the eager nations pour the world's wealth into our unneeding lap. The mistress of the seas doffs her topsail to our fleets and navy. Our capitalists are the money kings of the earth. Our master mechanics and skilled workmen challenge competition. Our battleships, our machinery, our locomotives, our steam and trolley cars wake the slothful echoes of foreign shores. Our sword is not shortened, and our boys behind the guns extort reluctant tribute from all the world. Our political system, if not so pure as George Washington left it, is stronger, wieldier, more comprehensive—and we still go marching on and on.

You are engaged in a grand business

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enterprise, but to-night you are proving that your existence is conducive to a still grander condition—a lasting social trust—a trust of good fellowship between man and man. I am glad to note and feel you have and hold and cherish the trust of sterling friendship. It is an old one, old as the voice of man, but it brightens with use, improves with age, and like the widow's cruse of oil will always flow as long as there are vessels to contain it. A business trust may die, because it has fulfilled its mission, but the social trust, the trust of friendship, is not an article of commerce; it cannot be cornered, nor monopolized; it can neither be bought nor sold. The refinement of it is a communion from which all the dregs and drosses of the business world have



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been removed for the time; wherein hearts throb to the same measures, pulses beat to the same harmony, and eyes glow with the same sacred light; where souls touch joyful pinions and where the banner over all is peace. It behooves you men of this association, who have cemented a friendship through your business enterprise, to enjoy it in harmony, sympathy and blissful abandon. It is not the viands nor vintages of the feast that smooth cares' wrinkles from the front of time, rekindle the flame of youth in the eyes of age, quicken the pulse, refresh the spirit, rejoice the heart, rejuvenate the soul and turn back the hands on life's dial plate a full generation. It is the mutual love, fellowship and comradery that rebuild the fires on the altar of our

A Post-prandial Prattle

hearts and waft the aromatic incense of love from the swinging censers of earnest friendship to the god of mirth who presides over the feast. Let us then, heap fresh faggots on the burning altars to-night; renew the incense in the swinging censers, and, amid mirth and song, wit and wisdom, pledge amity in the brimming cup, and leave dull care and cankered anxiety amongst the lees at the bottom. So shall we go hence to take up life's burdens and duty's hampers strengthened and rejuvenated, better fitted to live, better fitted to die than when we left our cares and labors at the portals of this banquet hall an hour since.



MR. PRESIDENT:

I am confident I voice your sentiments when I say we heartily welcome our ministry, representatives of many creeds, on this memorable occasion. The Clover Club has always welcomed them when they have hitherto, in units, duets or triplets, honored us with their presence and participation in our festivities. This is the first time the cloth appears in a body, as the guest of honor of the entire Club. I hope—and venture to predict that hope's full fruition—it will not be the last, nor the next time long in ripening. I hail it as auspicious that Heaven's favor upon our broad fellowship rites has been in-



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voked so fittingly and spontaneously by His elected monitors. It completes the circle of Fellowship's Universal Brotherhood. The banner of the Cross waves over the Church of Atonement, but the Church's broad foundations are laid on in the universal fellowship of man embraced in that divine, ever-green three-leaved clover: *Lovest Thou Me.* If out of this tri-foliate grew a crimson bloom, whose form never changes, whose perfume fills the world, why should not the social order, whose badge it is, fraternize with accredited priests of the temple reared upon this broad foundation—that great temple whose banner is the cross?

I know of no worthier title than servant of this cross. To assume it, voluntarily, and bear it worthily, with all

Our Clergyman

its toils, self-denials and duties, is an honor greater than wealth, or fame, or glory's jeweled diadem. To see themselves deterred from the prizes earth most aspires to, while self-conscious of their talent to win, is, of itself, an honor above and beyond aught else the world offers. Yet is even this humility the very circumstance and badge of honor, nor lacks it its own peculiar reward: for to him who is faithful, out of the cross, even in this life, begins to be manifest the outline of the crown.

Big as the theme is, and it fills the world, and touches the better world beyond—I have not time, nor is this the place, to more than touch lightly, vaguely, lovingly upon it. I want to say, briefly, there is no such platform for oratory, and no such theme for elo-



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quence as Jesus of Nazareth, whose princes these gentlemen of the ministry are. History presents no such heroic figure. Were the incarnation the fable skepticism holds it to be, the very traditions that cluster about His memory have made such an ideal of perfect manhood as neither myth, nor fable, history nor tradition have ever approximated. Twenty centuries have but beautified and endeared it to all humanity. Like the dayspring rising out of and above the thick darkness of the pagan Roman empire; and the darker superstition and hypocrisy of the Sanhedrim, glimmering fitfully through the dark and middle ages, to burst into full light, growing into the brightness of the perfect day in our favored times—if this be manhood, then were it manhood

Our Clergyman

perfected, if it be humanity, what must divinity be?

I am aware that the Clover Club confronts an herculean task when it takes up the problem of harmonizing the creeds of religion; but the Clover Club is ambitious. Beside, the Clover Club is a harmonizer. The Club has not rashly embarked upon this enterprise. We assume it is only the church militant that needs harmonizing. The church militant is necessarily a fighting enterprise. It has been fighting for harmony for ages. It sleeps in its armor and wakes with

“Head upon the sword
Its fevered hand must clasp in waking.”

It fights the world, the flesh and the devil. Truly a formidable combina-

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tion, but the church has made progress. It is always aggressive. The banner of the cross, the herald of the church militant, is always advancing. It has a crafty captain to oppose; but Captain Satan dares no longer meet the great army in the open field. He resorts to dividing the forces of his enemies and setting them to fighting each other; but for this the gospel banner had long since been in every land unfurled and the shout of Hosanna reached round the world; but for this the first crusade would have chained the arch enemy for a thousand years; but for this the triumphant swell of the victor's song would have filled the world.

We of the Clover Club, who are merely in the ranks, and know not the secrets of the councils of war, are in-

Our Clergyman

clined to pessimism. We forget there is one field open to us, the past. We can compare it with the present and measure progress. We can take the whole field of battle, worldwide now, and compare it with the field of a century ago, and what is the lesson?

Out of the putrid carcass of the dead lion comes honey, over the arch of a deluged world stretches the rainbow of promise; out of the discord of separate instruments comes the harmony of the orchestra, always *crescendo*, toward the jubilate, Amen. And so out of the mighty army of religion; out of the schism within and war without is evolving the second great stage of progress, heralding the second advent—universal fellowship—The Brotherhood of Man.



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Hence the Clover Club believes the ministry of to-day represents the highest, noblest office known to humanity and recognized by divinity. All the kingdoms, principalities and powers change, retrograde and fall. The minister's kingdom is immortal, eternal, knows neither retrogression nor fall; no change but progress. It is fitting, then, that this profession should be preferred in this circle where all professions have been so ably represented—and so the Clover Club welcomes our clergy and the glorious banner they, and we, faithfully and hopefully march under.



THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

At a Dinner in the Hotel Majestic Philadelphia

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

MR. TOASTMASTER:

It is the City Beautiful you advise me to talk about. It sounds good to me. It seems to me I have heard something about it on several occasions—Ah yes—I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

In those drear, old days, that recur to me, like moving pictures from the film of memory, when the promotion of public utilities by individual promoters, for the benefit of whomsoever, began to disturb the public mind and titillate the pocket nerve, there was the nascent dawn of a new era in the history of this City. I remember how the apprehensions of professional, political and



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moral reformers were quickened into protest, none too mild, lest the considerable sums needed might tempt the weaker brothers—who were self-proposed for the post of trust and labor in the public cause. I recall my fears lest some of the ambitious men, who came bashfully forward as volunteers to handle the public funds, for good of whom it might concern, might shrink from the thankless responsibility at the last moment. To the credit of humanity I'm glad to say my fears were groundless. Every one of them stuck to—to,—well to his post, of course. The envious said: “Public affairs take care of themselves;—with what is left in the colander.” But envy is always mean. My recollection is that there was a superior spirit of harmony

The City Beautiful

among the voluntary volunteer leaders. They never thought of thinking of themselves at all; but envy retorted that they didn't need to as they carried the wallet. It was even hinted that there was precedent—a certain Mr. Judas Iscariot having been similarly burdened. I am proud to say things are different now. There's a sameness in the difference, to be sure.

Years ago when the Ashbridge cult was prevalent, and public contractors were at peace—and no ten per cent. net profit limit was in sight, reach or suggestion, there came the voice of one crying in the wilderness for A City Beautiful. The persistent echo lingers yet, and, from cause occult, so resembles, I could almost fancy it my own prophetic tone.

I remember the immediate effect:

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The press jollied me. The leaders smiled superior and supercilious. The officeholders laughed. The contractors —well, they just roared, and ordered 'em set up again. They couldn't do it now on a ten per cent. margin.

But the people, the prescient public, listened, paused and reflected; thrilled with conviction.

The tempest subsided but; the echo of the "City Beautiful" prevailed increasingly. The press, the leaders, officials, contractors made it their own. Reflection convinced them 'twas their vocation.

The voice in the wilderness prevails. It holds the audience. We stand on the threshold of a revolution. A great change for the better is manifest. Though the strawberry millenium isn't

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fully here, yet, everybody can have joint ownership in the public patch, even if all can't have the berries for breakfast if they feel so inclined.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," said John Keats. True then and true now. Let me say right here beauty isn't in the fungi class. It doesn't grow up in a night, like the mushroom. It is of slow, regular, methodical development. The merely garish in coloring is repulsive even to the ignorant. The same law applies to form, outline and grouping. Nature's masterpiece of coloring, the rainbow, could be so distorted by ignorant presumption as to make the judicious grieve.

It does not follow that a city-work contractor is a safe exponent of beauty. Furthermore beauty must harmonize



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both by comparison and contrast with its surroundings. We want and intend a City Beautiful. If I had the ability, I could not venture exhaustive detail. Time does not permit. Assuming intelligent order, a definitive plan and skilful harmonious execution, we must have strict economy. This city is eagerly willing, and abundantly able, to pay for what she wants—but she wants what she pays for—even if the contractors net profit should exceed ten per cent.

Another requisite must be the quality of endurance. This means utility judiciously adorned—if there must be a choice let it be adorned too little rather than too much. The old features must be preserved so that the steps of pro-

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gress during the centuries may be apparent.

An even more imperious necessity is to conserve cleanliness. This question is becoming urgent. The oldest residential section of the city, sacred to so many memories of the past, has been abandoned to foreigners of Europe and Asia who do not even speak nor understand our language, and customs. As a rule they are industrious and devoted to their several religious creeds. They are huddled together, scores in every dwelling. In summer they overflow the houses, throng the door steps, crowd the sidewalks, protrude from windows, and roost on window sills. They increase and multiply and—the earth replenishes them. If devoted to cleanliness the advertisements they display do not

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proclaim it even as much as in the intention.

It were manifestly impossible to make or preserve a City Beautiful in those sections of our city. Yet they are the most historic portions of it.

I repeat: as to those very considerable portions of the city, it is not a question of the beautiful; but the habitable, the tolerable, the safe. The problem must be solved, but I do not despair of the wisdom, courage, civic pride and sterling humanity of our leaders in thought and action. There is no situation that is altogether hopeless and without remedy. But the cackling of geese didn't save Rome — it only aroused Rome's sleeping defenders. The reference is apt.

This brings us face to face with the

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practical question: Will it pay—how—when? I assume, and it is no great stretch of license, that the city has already estimated the cost, and is both able and willing to bear and share it. It is her absolute right to insist upon reasonable economy and rigid honesty.

We have admitted the premises: Philadelphia wants the City Beautiful; is able, and willing to pay the honest cost thereof.

The remaining practical considerations: Will it pay?—how—when? are to be met candidly, manfully.

The first query is categorical—its answer: Yes, defers for justification to the “how” and “when.” How? As an educator, a moral, intellectual, esthetic and physical trainer and developer, with zeal and volunteer agents in multi-

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plying thousands of our homes—an influence that experience has demonstrated is paramount and cumulative.

The City Beautiful has been inaugurated and is permanently established in the vast majority of the multiplied thousands of working men's city homes. Like charity, the City Beautiful began at home.

It is now ready for, and insistent upon, its inevitable corollary—the City Beautiful, in its public utilities, parks, squares, boulevards, the parkways and river fronts. Woman has done her part, as she always does, in her legitimate sphere. She learned her lesson in the most thorough manner from trained artists employed, and paid by progressive merchants. Did it pay? Compare the homes of working men and salaried

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men to-day with their homes of a quarter of a century ago.

To produce, further extend, the lines of the figure: Did it pay? Does it continue to pay the active inducing cause and pioneer agency in this practical promotion of the City Beautiful? How? Regard the transformation of Market Street from Broad to Seventh Street, with its mercantile palaces—broadbased, sub-cellared, towering dizzyly aloft; colossal expositions of correct art, utility decorated, harmonized, beautified with order strictly disciplined. Has it paid? Have those Department stores that are joint stock corporations ever defaulted in, or deferred premiums? Has one of them ever ceased to be progressive? Aren't

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their work-people well dressed, well mannered, contented, cheerful, healthy?

And, these and those, were pioneers and promoters of the City Beautiful, the marshals of progress who interpreted the salient echoes of the voice crying in the wilderness: The City Beautiful!

The voice was that of a seer; a forecast of fulfilment whose usher and sponsor was hope. A few more words: I have answered by comparison the practical questions: will it pay—when—how? There remains a sentimental issue: the consequent mental, moral and physical betterment of every Philadelphian, as is evinced in the Home Beautiful. There is, furthermore, a decorous, civic pride, just as there is a commendable home pride. The man, wo-

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man or child habitant of a beautiful home, and chastely proud thereof, is walled in from temptation in more absolute security than convent walls and bolts and prayer and penance give.

So the man who, with reason, is proud of his city will be influenced to candor, honesty, industry and truth by the prompting of civic pride. It is a trait common to humanity. Let me instance—The Apostle Paul, accused in Jerusalem of being an Egyptian, proudly replied: “I am of Tarsus—a citizen of no mean city.” I cite this as a single instance of the uniform impulse of men in every age, country and stage of civilization; but you need no example to emphasize your own individual experience and observation.

One more illustration of a potential

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influence; unquestioned, if but little understood. I have in mind the devotion manifested by Athenians in their quest for the beautiful in face, form and that subtle thing we call gracefulness in action and repose, and especially their solicitude that the women, prospective mothers, should be surrounded by the appropriate and beautiful in art. The result was a race of men, strong, lithe, agile, graceful, bold, hardy, excelling in art, manly sport; in eloquence, letters; in peace and war—in short attaining the loftiest pinnacle of human excellence recorded in history or discovered in archeaology.

I do not aspire to such supreme excellence for Philadelphia. If I held the power to elevate her to the lofty plane

Ancient Greece in aspiration for and

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achievement of the beautiful, I would not do it. There is safety in the medium, the exalted, even; but not in the supreme. Let Philadelphia worthily achieve the medium, attain the excellent, and aspire toward the supreme; always remembering that Rome wasn't built in a day nor Athens supremely beautified in a year or a generation. To worthily begin is our grateful task, content to leave to posterity as its most precious heritage the City Beautiful as example and inspiration toward the Supremely Beautiful.





OFFICE-HOLDING VETERANS

*At a Political Club Dinner in the Hotel
Majestic Philadelphia*



OFFICE HOLDING VETERANS

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I am peculiarly happy to-night in being surrounded by a group of fellow patriots who have, without exception, served their country as well as they were able and as long as they were permitted. Some of them are still, more or less actively, and I may say laboriously, engaged in the service. And the majority of those who are not so engaged have been retired mostly without their own solicitation. Indeed, I may say to their everlasting-world-without-end-amen credit that the said retirement, aforesaid, and herein before mentioned, was owing to circumstances they could



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not control—though they paralyzed themselves trying it on.

What is still more to their credit, is that, so far as I know, when they were drafted into the service they never pleaded disability, physical, mental or moral, and not one of them ever tried to be exempted from service under a physicians certificate. Furthermore, I never heard of one of them offering a bounty for a substitute to serve in his place—I mean in the most responsible, and I may add sometimes perilous, position of collecting his fees and perquisites.

So, I assume, you are all patriots and I am glad that a special providence—the special providence being our host—has brought us together on this fes-

Office Holding Veterans

I am glad my fellow patriots have retained, through their laborious duties and the grinding lapse of years, their aptest qualifications for patriotism—I mean their abundant capacity for edibles, especially of the fluid variety. That is one of the indespensable qualifications and distinguishing ear marks of the born office-holding patriot. I have yet to meet the veteran office holder whose capacity in this respect was not superabundant, I will not say abnormal, in quantity, and superfine, I will not say capricious, in quality. I have known men, who, when they first came into office, could not tell the difference between a First ward hummer and the most ancient cobweb-festooned bottle of whiskey, and to whom champagne was unknown. But if they were born office

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holders it didn't take them long to learn. In three months they were able to descant on the worst of every known brand of wine and knew more about them than the man who made them—even if they didn't know it as well. These remarks don't apply to anyone present, for the memory of man runneth not back to the time when they began to hold office. I am glad, however, to see they have preserved those distinguishing distinctions—which have been, in fact, their distinct distinguishments for cycles—and have brought them along to-night.

I may add that the born office holder is never so much at home as at the festive board. He doesn't make a P-I-G of himself. He doesn't need to, in some cases, rarely, I verily believe, Provi-

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dence has anticipated him there. But that does not apply to present company, including myself. We never exceed our capacity. We know when we are full, though sometimes we don't find it out 'till next ante-meridian. Still when we do find it out we are very sorry and pay the penalty with involuntary promptitude. I have gruesome forebodings that some of you will be in that boat to-morrow morning. But if you are true born, patriotic office holders your repentance won't lead to avoidance. You'll be ready for another feast of reason and flow of bowl in a week—if some special providence provides the occasion and—well, and—thanks, don't overflow my glass, dear friend.

But there are other pleasures con-

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nected with this superb function. There are sentimental pleasures, reminiscent and prospective. Memory conjures up a gorgeous panorama of days lang syne; reality rejoices in the fellowship and joyful communion of the present and fancy projects us forward into the future where adown a long, bright vista whose paths are through flower margined swards thronged with fair women and brave men; filled with the melody of song birds and gamboling children, with here and there tables laden with the rational creature comforts of life—I say occasions like this reunion of veterans stimulates fancy to project such a vista in the foreground, a vista that far away, gradually, gently, insensibly slopes off into a glorious sunset where the finite present

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meets the infinite future and is absorbed forever into it.

I wish I could promise you that vista would be such as my fancy has painted it. But I cannot. That vista is there; long or short, I cannot tell, bright or dark, I cannot predict. And the sunset rays are there, the line where the finite is merged into the infinite. How far or how near I know not. We can hasten it if we will; we can not retard it by a day nor an hour.

What then? The past is gone, we cannot recall it. The future is to come, we cannot control it. The present—what of it? It is all we can call our own. Let us improve every fleeting hour of it. Let us fill it so full of rational pleasure, friendship, fellowship, love and mutual forbearance that as the dark vista



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lights up day by day we may find it filled with life's best pleasures and privileges, communion and mutual sympathy with our joys and sorrows as they come in turn; and then, when the sunset comes, whether near or far away, whether its approaches be steep and precipitous, or gentle and even, we shall cast no regretful glance backward, but step off calmly into the dark, confident of finding light and love; perennial light, infinite love beyond.

THE OCCASION AND THE HOST

*At a Dinner given by George A. Kessler, Esq.
at New York Lodge Bourne End England to
Lord Desborough and the Victorious Competitors
in the Olympic Games of 1908*



THE OCCASION AND THE HOST.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

It is gratifying to me, as a full-fledged American, of somewhat remote English descent, to recognize and acknowledge the dominion of the spirit of peace, amity, fair-dealing and universal fraternity that prevails between England and America.

I shall not disturb the delights of this sumptuous feast with any extended speech. Indeed, had I been informed there was to be speaking here, and I was to take part in it, I should have prepared myself for it—by sending my regrets, with, possibly, a diagram of the kind of inability that prevented my being present. If I seem to start with some un-

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steadiness, or show a disposition not to go on at all, I hope you will not charge it to an overindulgence in the delicious champagne which has been so generously set forth, but rather to my retiring and shrinking nature and my fear of being unable to interest you. I can, I flatter myself, see as far through a stone wall, or an English joke, as any man of my size, weight or age, yet I seem to feel perturbed. You expect me, I am sure, to make some complimentary allusions to our liberal and brainy host, yet I hesitate to undertake it, fearing my emotions may overcome me, as out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Our host's life has been and is one of unceasing endeavor, wisely directed; making use of his natural capacity, ap-

The Occasion and the Host

plying, with systematic skill, the means acquired by every-day experience and trained observation. He was taught early in life that this is a workaday world, that it behooves every man to justify his right to live in it by using his best efforts to promote its progress. He has spread this beautiful, bountiful feast in the hope of softening all asperity that may have arisen from misunderstood decisions during the Olympic games in the Stadium, and to evince his admiration for the progress you have made in manly athletic sports, of which he is a diligent patron.

He knows that life is progress, that purpose laughs at difficulty and measures swords with impossibility. He feels the present is tribute to the future, and what has been is coming again.

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The Olympic Games were the main cause of the remarkable development of ancient Greece. The athlete who won the olive garland on that historic course was famous thereafter. His statue was erected in the public hall at Delphi. His native city greeted him with all the honors of a formal triumph. He was not allowed to enter by the city gate. A part of the wall was beaten down for him. The city itself was the talk of Greece for five years, and wherever its people traveled they were greeted with congratulations and esteem.

With the formulas and works of the immortal masters of old Greece as our teachers and inspirers, we shall work out the inevitable apotheosis of humanity quicker than they did—better were impossible. To-day the trophies of the

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Stadium and the river race-course rank with the prizes of the Lyceum, and the best in every calling cross oceans and traverse continents to witness the contests, applaud and honor the rivals and crown the victors—after the judges have decided.

To the unthinking it may seem like rude sport, unworthy of the interest it excites; and to some it may seem rather like retrogression toward barbarity. History teaches a different lesson; experience proclaims otherwise. Through this gate and no other lies the royal road to excellence. Chance is no factor, favor no arbiter, and the games are free and fair and open to all comers.

The games have been finished, and with them all strife should cease. Let us not forget that we are men, met on

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the common ground of universal fellowship, and that such aggregations as this live in our hearts forever. They color our outdoor life, all our business contact, all our closer communion of home; they make a man kindlier, a better neighbor, a manlier man; they impart a broader charity for the faults of other men, and keep a keener guard upon our own; they sink all remembrance save that we are men with kindred pursuits, pleasures and hopes; they inspire us with a further incentive to action; they teach us to labor and to wait; they mingle in the cup of our fraternal fellowship all the ingredients known to the pleasures of life, and flavor the flagon with all the mysterious dreams and hopes of the border land beyond the

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deep, dark, silent river that bounds our finite lives.

In this knowledge let us, as individuals, eat, drink and be merry. We are advised: Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die. This used to seem to me like cold philosophy; but it is philosophy, and all philosophy needs artificial heat to make it comfortable all the way through. Ah, if the philosopher had only stopped at be merry—but he didn't. Why should he? It is the means and condition of enjoyment that prepare us for the end—I had almost said make it welcome. The one little condition that, whether we are merry or sad, the end is the same, rather takes away from our vaunted free agency, but what of that?

We can still eat, drink and be merry,

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even though each year does go by swifter and swifter. Let the years go by, like shadows on the wall, and let us enjoy each rapid, noiseless revolution of the wheels of time as they speed past epochs and eras. Let us ever have a ready hand and cheering word for each other. Let us, while we may, on these occasions, in these moments snatched from the cares and toils of existence, taste the sweets of friendship and fellowship. We must recognize, of course, that self-protection is the mainspring to human progress, and selfishness is necessary to success, but success is not everything. There are successes that prove to be the direst failures. There is a life, however, that lives in and with its fellow-men, I mean the brotherly feeling that comes with faith, and trust,

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and hope—the brotherly feeling that is here to-night. Possibly the environment here disposes one to sentimentality, and possibly I am so disposed. Certainly I am in no censorious, fault-finding mood with the conditions of life as I just now find them. As it impresses me now this is a very good world to live in, and the present hour comes nearer to the realization of a land flowing with milk and honey, of golden streets and jeweled harps than any past era in my life. Such occasions as this sanctify our lives. They are hours snatched from the cares and toils of existence and consecrated to the most exquisite of human joys, where self is immolated upon the common altar of human brotherhood.

Hence it but remains for us to enter

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into the spirit of this convivial congratulatory convocation. Let us, for the time, forget the world, with its cares, its sorrows, its ambitions, and only remember that rich or poor, great or graded, victors or vanquished, we can meet on the common platform of human sympathy and perfect good fellowship, and yield ourselves utterly to the holy spell. Man, wearied by toil, saddened by duplicity, ill from mocking hope deferred, gladly turns to the one flower that conceals no thorn, the one joy that has no balancing sorrow, the one elysium whence envy and jealousy and dissension are barred by a flaming, two-edged sword—I mean the temple of good fellowship which to-night is here. Let us in it and for it drink to the temple and its high priest, George A. Kessler.



THE RHAPSODY OF RUINART BRUT

*At a dinner of the Pewter Platter Club in the
Monticello Hotel, Norfolk, Va.*





THE RHAPSODY OF RUINART BRUT

MR. TOASTMASTER:

I believe in dining clubs, and I congratulate the Pewter Platter membership on the splendid showing the Club has made to-night. It is good to be a club man. It is not necessary that a man should be a glutton, or a wine-bibber; a tailor's dummy, a talking-machine, an up-to-date wit, humor and sentiment depository; a glossary, a dictionary and Chesterfield Code, social and polite, an actor, an orator or a scientist. It is enough that he is a man, and that man a jolly good fellow—who can eat without gorging, drink

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laugh without straining and live without envy. There is an atmosphere exclusive to such associations as this, that is seductive to the verge of intoxication in convivial companionship.

In Dickens' remarkable reminiscent screed about that dainty darling, Sairy Gamp, I have long been persuaded that the most humanizing resemblance and the one, therefore, that appeals most directly to the humanizing elements, the ruling passion, strong in death, is that picture of the duty-driven Sairy in her great act of putting her lips to the bottle when she's so "dispoged," in order to cheer and inspirit her for the vigils of the long, cold night. There's such a delicious fellow-feeling in it; such a sensation of inspiration. The human female fellow who wouldn't be

The Rhapsody of Ruinart Brut

“dispoged” to put her lips to that solitary bottle in its inspiring solitude were no fellow herself, and worthy to be no other fellow’s fellow.

There’s a comparative philology, so to speak, in that solitary sentence that lives to stand and stands to live. It lives on the boards of the rostrum, stands as the text of toil, and glows in the punctuated pages of posterity. I endorse it, I recommend it as a mental motor, as a moral epigram. Take it, take it, from me. Take it with my blessing. Take it, take it as a friend in need and become a laughing philosopher, O, longing, aspiring, perspiring Pewter-Platterites and put it to your lips when so “dispoged.” Take it with my blessing.

That is my introductory; my exor-

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dium extraordinary; my prologue particular, anticipated, antisepticated, and in fact the only stimulant not liable to spontaneous combustion. Therefore, take it freely, fully and fearlessly with your rhapsodical Ruinart Brut, *Pere et Fils*.

From gray-hooded dawn of antiquity there is evidence of the use of stimulants more or less intoxicating, if indulged to excess. To-day each nation has its favorite tipple. It is instructive to note the homogeneity, so to speak, between the nation itself and its tipple—which is cause, and which effect, is a problem I leave to others, I merely indicate the condition.

For instance the Celt poteen and whiskey—and the Celt is a fighter until death—and when he is loaded up he

The Rhapsody of Ruinart Brut

does not always discriminate very nicely between friend and foe.

The bagpipes of Scotland have been tuned for three centuries under the inspiration of Haig and Haig, the best of all Scotch whiskies, and have grown more and more musical with the passing years.

The Teuton, sturdy and good humored, gets outside of beer by the barrel, but it needs kimmel to get a fight out of the social Hans. The Briton adheres to wine for the upper crust, beer and ale for the middle class, at home. When they come to our glorious land of the free they tackle our seductive mixed drinks and have the rams in a week—or less.

France, Paris, drinks everything that has alcoholic basis—even to absinthe

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distilled from the deadly laurel—and behaves accordingly; but France also drinks light wines, and sparkling champagne, hence the general gaiety of the nation.

There are wines and wines. Some of them are innocent of grape juice, but too often guilty of almost every pernicious drug. After being vinted from the grape, to a few of them may yet be ascribed the panegyrics heaped up at their altars by all the poets from Anacreon, before and after. There are peace, rest, joy, hope, love and fellowship in the juice of the grape, pure and unadulterated. Of such a wine, as Ruinart Brut, Tom Moore felicitously sang:

*“Fill the bumper fair,
Every drop we sprinkle,
On the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.”*

The Rhapsody of Ruinart Brut

Fortunately or unfortunately, as it eventuates, woman and wine have a way of getting mixed in song. So far as my own experience goes, it is only in song.

I've known of instances of disaster resulting from mixing either wine or woman, no matter how select the brand. On general principles, I advise against it. It's all right to pluck the flower, safety, from the nettle, danger; but better to avoid the nettle. Stick to one brand of wine and one individual woman—and the latter at home. I'm an old campaigner and I've kept healthy by adhering to this regimen. Truth and candor compel me to say, in answer to that anxious inquirer on the other side of the table, that my tipple is Ruinart Brut, because it prompts me to love my neighbor, keep my own

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hands in my own pockets and hold all men as brothers, providing they don't want to touch me too often and deep. Because it paints the vista rainbow-hued with a pot of gold at the far end, which I can have when I get there to build one more step to the golden stairs we all hope to climb, but are not in a hurry to exploit. Because the emblem of Ruinart Brut is the sun's first morning kiss to the tiny dew-drop lurking, furtively, in the rose's fragrant cup; an instant, the glorified globule glows with all the rainbow hues, and even in that instant, is absorbed by the sun—the perfume, intensified, lingers in the earnest of that furtive kiss till joy is born. The fluid body bears redolent effervescence, aureoled with prismatic hues, fragrant with the consummating



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kiss. That passion kiss of the sun upon the flower buds of the vine has left the lingering bouquet upon its breath, the rainbow hues in its bubbles, the elixir of perpetual youth, joy and hope, efflorescent and prophetic, in its soul! So here's a libation to the gods of love and fellowship in our favorite Ruinart. The act sanctifies the deed, because it is a friend in need.

As a rule when necessity manifests itself the supply is ambuscading somewhere within hailing distance. If there's the proverbial exception to this rule, I have not found it to apply to friendship.

Sometimes friendship is an empty title, to be sure, but I've never proved it so in the case of a friend in need—meaning a time that comes to every one

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sooner or later, for that individual friendship, inferring confidence with all the word implies.

There come times when circumstances appear to conspire to prove to the strongest, most capable man what a very pawn he is upon the board; when life's horizon, circumscribing his sphere of action, control and influence, thickens its walls to shut out sunshine, and contracts its lines closer and closer, shutting him in solitary, alone.

The heart beats sluggishly, voice falters,—he is alone with shadows elusive and delusive—a man, unmanned. He is an exile obsessed with the phantom of unreasoning apprehension he knows not what nor whence.

Shuddering, as though in Cimmerian gloom, he is conscious of a touch; a fa-

The Rhapsody of Ruinart Brut

miliar voice dissipates the spell—a friend in need. There is again room for him in the great, busy, bustling world—room and work.

The gloomy horizon rises, expands, is dispelled, dissipated; the shimmering sunshine silts through impalpable film. The trembling one is a man again. He has the support of a friendly arm and he goes forth,—the other arm is that of a friend, indeed.

There are few conditions in actual life that are impossible; there are no prizes worth the having that are attainable without great labor. The value of an acquisition is enhanced to the possession by difficulty, even peril, of its attainment. In business, in art, science, war, love—even while enjoying our delicious Ruinart Brut.

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It is a good enough world, as it is, and the best thing in its constant strife between the good and the evil in it, is that it emphasizes the ubiquitous alertness of the friendship that never fails to manifest itself at need and glorify its office; coming all the more welcome because unasked, unexpected.

Let us then believe in our friends and drink Ruinart Brut, be happy and laugh. It is good to laugh. There is nothing in the world worth tears; except the sorrow or pain of misfortune of ones friends and neighbors. Life is mysterious—only death is solemn. Time is transparent, only eternity opaque. So says the laughing philosopher—and the laughing philosopher is right—and Ruinart Brut is his beverage.

The Rhapsody of Ruinart Brut

Laughter is natural philosophy—rather *the* natural philosophy.

Laugh at your own calamities and seduce your friend into smiling at his.

Diogenes in his tub was a philosopher; but he wasn't a laughing philosopher. He has a large following; "stand out of my sunshine." I'd rather be a fool who laughed indiscriminately at every thing than the cynic who laughs not at all.

Aye, my friends, it is to laugh, laugh early and often. Laughter is the distinctive mark of man's superior development—the line that distinguishes him from the merely animal creation.

Experience has taught me to choose for my friend, the laughing philosopher, who can dispel gloom by laughing at his own misfortune, while all the

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while he's cheerfully, earnestly striving to make the best of the situation. If in life's storehouse the stock on hand of good overbalances that of ill, he's going to get enough of the good to share with his fellow man, and he's going to share it liberally.

The longer I live the more I am convinced of the abounding good in the world—the more am I impressed with the wise provision of the ill to emphasize, by sharp, incisive contrast, the good. I don't want to be too good, myself—that means to be tame and commonplace, without unction. If in that I am different from the majority of you, I haven't the saving grace to regret it.

It is to laugh—let the world laugh

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with you if it will; at you, if it must; it will be the better either way.

No amount nor quality of mirth will restore the hair on a bald pate. Who ever saw or heard of a laughing philosopher being bald? Let his forehead extend from eyebrows to the nape of his neck, he'll forget it when he laughs; and the world, that laughs with him, will be too jolly to notice it. There is a tradition of a laughing philosopher who died—Oh, they do die, late. I've known them to die laughing—this one forgot not his laugh but the password; and Charon wasn't running rearward freights.

St. Peter looked glum enough. First the philosopher laughed his oily, gurgling, crescendoing laugh. That brought the answer. St. Peter laughed with him

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and the crystal bar of Eden swung inward to where the Ruinart Brut is served exclusively.

Take this for what it's worth as allegory; there is no gate in this gray, grim, gaunt world whose bar doesn't swing inward at the approach of the laughing philosopher whose entrance makes an Eden of the desolation within.

Weary of selfishness, envy and strife, men are turning to the Bethel of Brotherly Love and Friendship for solution of the question: How to render life worth the living. It was a happy thought, and the cause prospers. The laughing philosopher needs no password at its portals. It is to laugh, and Eden laughs with him over the regaling, rejoicing Ruinart Brut—so here's to you all in a bumper of it.

ILLUSIONS AS TO PUBLIC OFFICIALS

*At a Dinner given by a Candidate for Congress
at Essington Philadelphia*



ILLUSIONS AS TO PUBLIC OFFICIALS.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I am moved by a compound concatenation of combined circumstances to assert that any flippant or frivolous speech made here to-day would be a work of supererogation. This is a company of serious, sober-minded men who have left all the cares and anxieties of life behind them and settled around the periphery of this bountifully supplied table for a season of deep-seated thought and reflection. It is a good thing to hang up our burdens with our hats, and enter a broader, freer world where all



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are bent, for the time, at least, upon enjoying life, in a calm, local-option kind of way. The older I grow in years—I trust never to get older in heart—the more plainly, and I would fain hope, the more readily, do I perceive the latent reserve of generous solicitude inherent in humanity, and the coy, furtive delicacy in which it manifests itself. It is sweet and pleasant to meet together in fellowship. The bold mariners who sail their adventurous argosies on the open sea of Time, ever and anon, look with longing eyes toward the calm, safe haven where once again they shall meet and greet and embrace their brother sailor-men from other hardy crafts. Where they can lay off their labors, cares and apprehensions; forget their perils and losses; laugh at the storms they've



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passed; relax the muscles and strengthen the heart-throbs in free communion of fraternal interest and brotherly love.

As the hardy mariner exultantly rides the topmost waves, revels in the storm and hails the war of elements with a thrill of delight, so, the toil over, the peril passed will be the more keenly feel, in every throb and pulse-beat, the joy of calm and reunion. It is the joy of meeting that compensates the pain of parting in the past. As the port craft takes in cargo—as some of you are hoisting it in to-day—for her forth-going voyage, so we toilers on the broad, and often stormy, sea of Life meet here in our haven to forget care, obliterate peril and loss in mutual exchange of fellowship and fraternal love. It is too true

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there are many illusions in life. How often have I had mine shattered. So have you, all of you: even the distinguished host of to-day, who is willing to sacrifice himself to serve the people in the lower House of Congress. He has had his illusions—I trust he may not have any in the near future.

Alas for life's illusions! Happy the youth who retains them. Happy, but not always successful, in that illusive period between the bliss of ignorance, and the folly of wisdom.

It is a common experience incident to us all. It takes the man years to recover from the illusions of boyhood and early life. He parts from them one by one, regretfully, with pangs that leave aching voids and dreary vacuums which

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abide long and tenderly. He is wiser—but, happier? I doubt it.

I remember my pet illusion. I don't know if it yet continues to influence boyhood—hardly though to the same degree. I don't mind confessing it. It was my bated-breath admiration of a congressman. Even the circus parades of later years cannot equal the absorbing interest the Honorable gentleman of the district had for the small boy of my callow days.

He walked a god before us, aureoled and nimbused. His very shadow was luminous, his form god-like, his stride majestic. Why he didn't seem to walk. The very pavements rose to meet and kiss his feet. His voice was seraphic, his smile liquid and his respiration perfumed—well, call it odored.

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If he bowed to a fellow—and he generally did most profoundly, toward the end of his term—that fellow grew a foot taller and stooped unconsciously lest the crown of his hatless head unseat the stars; and if there was a handshake the favored fellow, for days thereafter, ambuscaded his hand in his pocket lest some other hand should absorb even a little of the charm and unction.

In school there wasn't a boy but knew, and was anxious to tell, who wrote the ten commandments; who struck Billy Patterson and the numerous disputed questions upon which so much depends. Who? The Honorable member from the district, of course.

Luckily for boyish faith and manly progress, the illusion faded gradually. But what a giddy vacuum, a painful

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blank it left as, little by little, our god was stripped of halo—aureole and nimbus; our king uncrowned; our hero reduced to a unit—the unit to a fraction, the fraction to its lowest terms, of which the numerator was a straight up and down stroke of a contested seat. Could anything be more sad than a congressman with a contested seat? Think of even an ordinary man going about with his seat contested.

Disillusion is a painful process, but it appears to be necessary. It seems to be not peculiar to boyhood. I have known honorable M. C.'s, even of the upper house, to resign voluntarily, in a sister state, of course, just for the excitement of getting back again—if they could.

For my own part I was disillusionized early and often. so far as the divinity

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that doth hedge a congressman goes. I began in the legislature at Harrisburg, in the good old "rooster" days, but I could never get any aureole in mine. Members themselves didn't manifest any respect for each other; and when I came home, my constituents called me "Bill," and invited themselves to "have one" at my expense, just as glibly and irreverently as ever before.

I even aspired to be Mayor myself, once, but there was only room on top for one, and Sam. Ashbridge wanted and needed the post. Next time the people asked: "Who's John Weaver?" Having been a governor, I thought it over and decided to wait. I've seen enough to know there is no romance in it; and the odor of burning brimstone produces abundant material, or, rather,

Illusions as to Public Officials

effervescence, for aureoles. So that illusion is dispelled, dissipated, gone glimmering through the things that might have been—and, well, I am so happy.

Ah, those illusions! No man knows his own size till he measures himself against some fellow that is smaller,—and reasons by the comparison.

Illusions! What would life be without them? Colorless, dull, plain and commonplace! The most enchanting and only exclusive world is the day dreamer's universe. The spacious fields of air are his, tax free. Fancy supplies without freightage his building materials. He has for guests the choice of all the storied past, he has crowns and jewels and kingdoms to bestow. The wise, the great, the witty, the beautiful, the

Some After Dinner Speeches

loving, mirthful, rollicking, heedless are his companions; light, color, music, motion, flower, lake and forest all come at his call. There is no sense of illusion, for nothing dies but everything is instantly and constantly changing its evanescent loveliness—no haste, thirst, hunger nor weariness. Neither is there hatred, envy, regret, remorse in all the fields of air which are bounded by the limits of fancy; all are free and boundless as the air itself.

No man is so rich as the careless day dreamer. None so poor and sordid as he who knows not how to dream; who, dull as the lifeless clods he stirs, plods on till the clods gorge and hide him, and some fond, if impious, profaner writes *hie jacet* about a dreamless clod.

There is another, a real life—the

Illusions as to Public Officials

sweetest illusion of them all—that of unselfish friendship, fraternal, brotherly love that grows richer by giving because the seeming gift is but a richer, dearer exchange of what the human needs not for that which is more precious than gain or gold or jeweled treasure—a mutual gain. This is a beatitude of self crucifixion some attain late, some later, many never. If it is an illusion, commend me to it. It ignores condition, levels rank; irradiates the dull, grey firmament with abundant confidence and peace; flushes the buds of hope into luxuriant fruitage; confounds the infidel, converts the skeptic and triumphantly answers the cynic's question: "Is this life worth the living?"—answers it practically, convincingly—and so let's clink the cannikin to the success of our splendid host in his new illusion.



PAYING A WAGER

MR TOASTMASTER:

It becomes more and more evident to me, day by day, that the world grows wiser, kinder and better as it grows older, and I have industriously set myself to work to grow wise, kind and good with it. Time was, when a man would hesitate about paying his bets, or if he did pay them the women of the winning side would capture the boodle —if the man did not hide it properly before he reached home. Now, in this era of a higher civilization, we find winner and loser conspiring, not which shall come out better in a sordid contest for dollars and cents, but which shall contribute the larger to the enjoyment of

Some After Dinner Speeches

others. I can easily picture to myself the sorrow of the winner that the loser is, by the terms of this contract, allowed to pay the whole score of this faultless festival. I find myself calculating how soon I can be in condition to get comfortably outside of just such another banquet as this, which I can already see the winner of this famous wager has it in his mind to invite the present company to. I would suggest that he does not tarry so long as to make the date too near Christmas, especially, directly afterward. I see all around me, for I am a mind reader, the faces of my fellow guests upholstered with the same abundant regret that fills my gentle bosom—the only regret possible upon this occasion—and that is owing to so many, and such abundant and recent

Paying a Wager

feasts we are not able to do justice to the fine bill of fare furnished forth. When a little while ago I complimented my neighbor across the way, upon the vigor and fullness of his appetite he assured me he was not doing justice to his reputation and added, with a sigh: "you ought to see me eat when I am real well." I felt that way myself. I am not much of a prophet, but I can foresee this same company sitting down to just such a banquet as this in the very near future, and every little while thereafter for a generation to come, and at the expense of the host of to-night. I know he enjoys it and will want to repeat it, and the world is growing so much better, kinder and wiser that I'm sure it will give him all the chances he desires. Really, though, there's a

Some After Dinner Speeches

bright and manifest fitness in this way of paying a bet. The pleasure lasts after the money is spent. It is an unselfish bet; it has an unselfish inspiration. There was no sordid motive in the wager. The winner does not want to be a dollar richer by the loss of the man who thought he knew. He is satisfied that his own wisdom and foresight have been emphasized and endorsed, and looks forward to the time when he shall be an oracle that no man, especially another lawyer, will dare to dispute. I congratulate the loser of this wager upon having brought together this charming, well-chosen company, from the high-sounding Lyman Gage down to Counselor Sam Untermeyer, to meet the winner, Mr. James M. Beck, whose name and fame are becoming

Paying a Wager

household words. It only remained for an occasion like this to make him feel how his work is appreciated. I am proud to meet him here or anywhere. He has earned his success by deserving it. He has sought that knowledge which is freedom from all rules—save the rule of honest purpose.

I have been going out some lately,—and I like to go when the going's good—but it has been a long while since I've been a very small part of such a carefully culled company as this. I venture to suggest that he lives longest who lives best, and I dare to assert that he lives longest whose willing feet oftenest bend toward the bower where men are holding the noble rites of sweet communion. There is no sphere in which there is such absolute dominion as the realm of

Some After Dinner Speeches

fellowship invaded by its hosts of fellows; there is no haven where there is such absolute, restful security as the harbor of fellowship where welcome sits alert intent upon the pleasure of others.

To me, the atmosphere of to-night seems full of the spirit of Christmas, and, but for the almanac, I might believe the great era was indeed here. To us it is, however, a brief, bright fore-taste of the Day of Days, and I favor the election of our host, who has made two Christmases to grow where only one grew before, to membership in the Society of Public Benefactors. We shall all go from here, better, braver, stronger, gentler men with a new nightingale singing in our hearts of love and faith and charity. We, whose years have scored the half century record,



Paying a Wager

and whose trend is henceforth toward the sunset line, welcome this joyous feast as a new epoch that multiplies our years by dividing them and freights each bright, fleeting hour with the concentrated felicity of ages; welcome it as a foretaste of the old Christmas; now so near, and of that eternal holiday of rest and joy, where the new sacrament shall be drunk in the new wine of infinite life.

I wish you, Mr. Host, and you, Mr. Special Guest, and every man present many years of prosperity, interspersed with just such festivities as this, and may we all be there to enjoy them and renew the bond of friendship—the most precious bond the world knows, because it is only redeemable at the gates of Paradise.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

*At a Washington Birthday Dinner in the
Walton Hotel Philadelphia*



1

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MR. TOASTMASTER:

I have been thinking. I do not mean this confession to go beyond this charmed circle, though I suppose, if men were candid, they'd all plead guilty to the indictment of thinking sometimes, even though they couldn't be convicted in any court upon evidence either direct or circumstantial,—but that has nothing to do with my thoughts. I've been thinking that there are some glorious memories in this dear, old land of ours. I can feelingly say to-night, I'm glad I am living. I should always have felt victimized, that my halo was a misfit had I died before this pleasant and profitable occasion had come and passed. I

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had heard, and not unfrequently, before I came here to-night, of the great man whose birthday we are celebrating so happily. I am proud to say, from what I have seen and heard to-night, that my judgment of him has been confirmed. I have heard here just about what I expected to hear. Your famous orators have filled the estimate I had preconceived of George Washington as a grandly grave and sedate man. You ask me to be serious. I always am. The gentlemen who have preceded me have eaten the cherries, and left me but the stones to munch, and that is also serious. However, I am daring enough to enter the field. If I were a younger man or even an older man I might decline to rush thus ruthlessly in, as they have done, where angels fear to tread. If



George Washington

younger, timidity would probably withhold me, if older, wisdom.

Nature is an iconoclast, an image breaker. When she produces a great man for an emergency she destroys the mould. No two of history's supereminently great men are counterparts. The man comes for the occasion, with the occasion—the occasion does the rest.

None of the world's supremely great men in history—I do not mean mythology, miracle, lore or tradition—excepting Abraham Lincoln, stands so securely alone as George Washington. There have been more brilliant captains, more profound statesmen. His inspiration was not of genius; but manhood,—mental and physical. He was not influenced by romance, nor sentiment, but hard, common-sense, matter of fact—

Some After Dinner Speeches

severely practical. He was conservative by nature, as well as from impervious conditions—the struggling colonies had neither men nor money to lavish.

George Washington, investing human rights, freedom, equality, was an anomaly. He was by birth and training aristocratic, a slave-holder. Beyond, and above, all that, he was a patriot. Could he have foreseen that he was impairing the foundations of the alleged divinely appointed institution of African slavery it is doubtful if he would have swerved or faltered. I do not believe he would. Hence George Washington investing human rights, in the fullest, freest sense, was, indeed, an anomaly. Of duty and manhood he was a fitting exponent.

George Washington had no milita

George Washington.

education—no training but such as the militia system and Indian border warfare afforded. He was by birth and instinct a commander, a leader of men. His conservatism and aptitude to the occasion were manifested and developed during his service as surveyor and engineer with General Braddock in Pennsylvania. His lasting title to military captaincy is success—under difficulties seemingly insurmountable. The title is secure. Providence approves it. America cheerfully, almost reverently, concedes it. England is debarred from disputing it

The George Washington who commanded the armies of the American Revolution evinced, from the first, steady courage and self confidence. England made the serious mistake of

Some After Dinner Speeches

underrating her antagonist. General Washington was not slow to avail of the blunder.

His policy was cautious, deliberate, if not Fabian. He was a strict disciplinarian. Not rashly brave—deliberate in assuming the offensive, he struck suddenly and effectively. It required more than one disaster to English arms to convince the enemy that in General Washington they had a foeman worthy of their steel. The masterly manœuvres which harassed, hemmed in and compelled the humiliating retreat of Howe's Squadron; the protracted struggles on Long Island; the liberation of North Jersey from maurauding hosts, did not appear to arouse England to the conviction of a converging crisis. It required the surprise and demoralization of the

George Washington

Hessian Army at Trenton, and the sequel at Valley Forge. Finally the staggering naval defeats, the comprehensive strategy that immured and compelled the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and ended the war, stamped George Washington as an able war captain. Nothing succeeds like success.

As a successful General in the war that forced freedom from the crown of England, George Washington was the logical first President of the Republic—and this without any regard for his qualifications as statesman. It is obvious he could have become dictator had he been ambitious as Cæsar was; as Napoleon was. To his wisdom and firmness the nation owes the unwritten law of a two term limit.

President Washington displayed the



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same bold and eminently wise policy in the selection of his civil as he did of his military advisers. He manifested no fear of being overpowered and dwarfed in the comparison with Jefferson, Hamilton, Randolph. His administration was formative—establishing precedents that still obtain and are endowed with enduring vitality.

This is George Washington. Out of such material was made the nation's idol; Freedom's oracle, Manhood's exponent, Patriotism's incarnation.

His place in the gallery of Fame is as secure as it is unique. The primary element of his supreme greatness was elimination of self. He believed in the cause, and in himself. Success could not elate nor adversity depress him. Popular clamor, whether applause or

George Washington

condemnation, could not move him. He shared the destitution, peril and hardships of the army.

More than a century has lapsed since he died, yet tradition, so wont to invest the hero with the supernatural, has passed him by. He stands to-day the same impressive, dignified, calm, confident figure of manhood, supreme greatness, as he was in life. So will he always stand supreme, secure, alone. George Washington was all man.

The question is insistent: Did George Washington foresee, ever so dimly, the mighty empire he was—under Providence—founding? In his severely practical mind could the figment of such a wild dream exist? That from ocean to ocean; from lakeline to gulf the starry flag would float unchallenged;

Some After Dinner Speeches

that from Orient to Occident the sun, in its daily course, would kiss the starry banner on the Islands of the South Sea, and whisper freedom from the ports and harbors and headlands of another Continent; while destiny beckons with imperious hand, and Southward the Star of Empire takes its sway—“ where poured round all, old ocean’s gray and melancholy waste!”



ACCEPTING A CLOCK

*At a Birthday Dinner in the Hotel Bellevue
Philadelphia*



ACCEPTING A CLOCK

MR. TOASTMASTER:

I confess to surprise. Not of a violent, spasmodic nature, rather the mild, homeopathic article, such as becomes a philosopher, which if it does not cure, doesn't kill. My surprise isn't that my friends have given me something elegant, useful and valuable; nor even that it never occurred to them to do it before, early and often. It is the gift itself that surprises me. A clock—a grandfather's clock. True, I'm a grandfather; so it isn't even that. What surprises me is how you could have guessed so exactly just what I needed to top out, as it were with a turret, my earthly possessions and put

Some After Dinner Speeches

a clock into it. Why, you can't conceive how this clock fills out my needs, fills the cup of my joy so jam full there's no room for froth on top. That clock will set the time for everything. Especially the time to libate. Of course, I'll expect my friends to consult it frequently, since, even if you are not all around scientists, you'll be interested in that special branch of dipsomania. Is it any wonder I'm surprised you've so exactly gauged my needs in selecting this gift? Is it any wonder I'm full of—of emotion? I don't know how to express my appreciation so I'll ask you to fancy my gratitude and multiply the result by infinity. And then, it is typical of so much. But it is not what it typifies, for that is sentimental. It is what it does, and that's practical.

Accepting a Clock

See what this practical gift practically does! To a grandfather whose limbs are weary with the weight of years, whose eyes are dimming with the woful weight of tears unshed, it saves time and worry in spelling out the figures on the watch dial. It is the first thing I shall behold when I wake up in the morning, the last at night—often weary from long hours of labor. That is, it will be, if it doesn't prove like the clocks I already have, illusory on such occasions, or the kind whose face is distorted with grimaces and kaelaidescopic changes; whose numerals mix inextricably in the mystic, mazy measures of cotillion. You've all seen such clocks, if, perchance, you've come in late—and weary. I do hope, so absorbingly, you have taken the precaution to put this

Some After Dinner Speeches

clock under heavy bail to keep the peace in that one respect. But that's as it may be. Whatever else this clock may do or fail to do, there's one thing it will do, and graciously continue to do while my senses of sight and sound remain to me—it will remind me of my friends, the donors, every time I see or hear it; whether in light or darkness; whether its face be serious and sober—as mine always is—or whether its jolly, old figures seem to mix and mingle in mazy, mystic measures of merry mockery to its monotonous tick, tick; tick, tick.

Let me say here, before I forget, that while it will, ordinarily I hope, tell unwelcome guests, duns and touchers for instance, when it is time to go, it will not be thus rude to friends I prize; and that never can it tell so rude a tale to

Accepting a Clock

the loyal, loving friends of this night. Shall yonder clock, remind us of life's work, only; not of its privileges and pleasures? While its rhythmic tick-tick, like a pulse beat, measures out the span of our lives with relentless exactitude, does not its every runic chime wake echoes in harmonious hearts—echoes of love and joy, of friendship's endearments? What though the chime sometimes, aye, too often, be a knell? Wakes it no echo entrancingly, sublimely, sadly sweet in memory's sacred naves—sweeter than zephyrs of India's Isles of Perfume? Starts it no tear priceless as pearls under Oman's green waters?

Welcome, thrice welcome then, O, faithful monitor, with your rhythmic tick, tick, your joyous, solemn, runic

Some After Dinner Speeches

chime! Welcome, since you admonish me and these my cherished friends, to fill each passing moment with emotions of love's joys; of loyal friendships; bearing each others burdens, sharing each others troubles, soothing each others pangs, doubling each others joys. Thus, O, faithful monitor, be henceforth such monitor to me; and when the solemn hour comes, that to my dimming eyes your dial seems to fade, and vanish into some endless, echoless shaft of eternity; on my dull ear your tick, tick and chime seem to lovingly, lingeringly recede into some perfumed dome of sacred, solemn silence they shall be to me, even then, as the faithful tick, tick, neither hastening nor loitering, verges to the chime that's to be my knell—they shall be to me as the hollow

Accepting a Clock

tones of prophet voice saying: while their lives last, you shall live in the faithful, loving memory of friends. To be worthy of this is to have lived, lived, O, not in vain.

That old clock will stop still never to go again some time, but time itself will go on and on, and thus these human hearts of ours, like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the grave. What then? We may neither lengthen nor shorten the probation. What then? While we live let us live. But he lives not at all who lives solely to himself. He alone, and indeed, lives, who lives for and in his friends. True, a man must first provide for himself before he can share with friends. This is one of nature's wise decrees. But there's a bank in every loyal, loving heart where treas-

Some After Dinner Speeches

ures are laid up that thieves do not break in and steal, and the liberal distribution of these treasures does but increase the fund on deposit. Gifts of this kind pay cumulative, compound interest; this is, indeed the genuine selfishness that years impart to the true man. As I grow older I learn to prize more and more dearly the priceless treasure of loyal, loving, reciprocal friend-ship—a treasure that cannot be bought with gold. It is heaven's best gift to man, a foretaste of the sweet by-and-bye.

There are counterfeits of everything sterling, but that does not depress the genuine value of the issue. Who has not been deceived by counterfeits on this bank of loyal friendship? When more in sorrow than anger we detect

Accepting a Clock

the base coin, we turn our backs upon the clever counterfeiter and cling closer to the narrowed circle of the tried and the true.

It is such a little, select circle the occasion has gathered around me to-night. To our joint resources in Friendship's bank, there is no limit. The cashier will honor every draft at sight and no creditor ever audit the account. True, it is sentimental banking, but there are more and closer similes between sentiment and reality than the unthinking wot of. Every man is more or less a day dreamer, and I have learned to enjoy those brief, bright dreams of Friendship's bower with the sordid cares of life shut out, or only sweetening the careless hour by contrast as darkness brightens light. I love to fancy these

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brief, swift seasons as the twilight that comes between sunset and dusk.

Flitting though they are, yet all the sweetest, purest, serenest light is concentrated in those few delicious time beats. And as these time beats insiduously steal our years away, and with them the more or less sensual pleasures of youth, we are secure that these twilight hours, concentrating the pure rays of past and future, will grow richer, sweeter, more infinitely precious in memory, enjoyment and anticipation. From this twilight hour, care, sadness and tears are barred—sorrows, neither of memory nor apprehension can enter here. They have been; they will be. This hour before darkness and after sunlight is secure. Whatever of sorrow may be in the night to come, the memory of this



Accepting a Clock

pure, unselfish joy will assuage; whatever wound will bind it up; whatever loss, compensate with ample draft upon the consolidated bank of brotherly love whose resources increase in proportion as they are drawn upon with unstinted liberality. Though we weep not, now and here, we may pour a vicarious libation in tears of the grape to the joys of faithful friendships, loyal through life, deathless in memory. Thus I thank you!

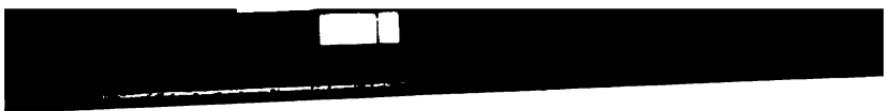


1



A FAREWELL DINNER

*At a Farewell Dinner given by the Clover Club
to its fellow member Hon. Charles Emory Smith
(who had been appointed Minister to Russia)
in the Hotel Bellevue Philadelphia*



A FAREWELL DINNER.

MR. PRESIDENT:

I note, with real emotion, the effort all the brethren are making, with more or less success, to deceive themselves and the guest of the evening. I note the effort everybody is making to convince the guest that it is good for him that he is going to the region of bears and wolves and forests and deceptions and to convince themselves it is a good thing that he is going. When I say good for them, the brethren, I mean, of course, as members of the great nation that Brother Smith goes abroad to honor and protect. I feel that it is a brave front in our keeping up to-night, smiling while Spartan foxes, or some-

Some After Dinner Speeches

thing else, are gnawing at our intestines in the anguish of parting with a cherished friend—a valued co-worker who has the misfortune to be banished from the country, if only for a time. I say misfortune, and I say it advisedly—for it is misfortune and not fault. I spurn the insinuation before it is made and defy the man who would intimate such an inuendo. Brother Smith is paying the penalty of devotion to his country, loyalty to his party. He has been serving country and party as he vainly imagined by stealth, secretly. But it is with patriotism, as it is with charity. In the zeal of service one forgets to cover his trail. It is ever thus, great patriotism and great charity are sure to be found out, however sedulously the trail may be hidden away. It is to the honor

A Farewell Dinner

of Brother Smith that he served his party so zealously and well. It is his misfortune, not his fault, that he has been found out, and must now pay the penalty. It won't do to say that it is accident. I can see design in it. It has been too long coming—quite too deliberate. One cannot think accident would have been a year in finding out its victim. It is not accident—I spurn the insinuation. Lay not that flattering unction to your souls. Accident might have chosen any one of us. It is cool, calculating, deliberate, malicious design that has chosen as victim the man who has done most for party and been unfortunate in concealing all his services. It would be but an indifferent solace to you to reflect that his loss will be your gain. It will not, you will miss him in the combat, in

Some After Dinner Speeches

an unfalteringly waging of war against crime and immorality, whether it be political, social or scientific. He will not have been gone a month before the weather report will have become incalculable—things will go crooked with the city departments, the state departments, the national affairs. His subtraction from our force will make an addition to our labors. We'll have to devote ourselves more devotedly as it were, to duty; and, don't you see, shall have less time to hide that devotion and service from the public. So that we shall stand constantly in dread of emulating his fate. But I read you wrong, my brethren, if any such fate, however imminent would deter you from your duty to country or party; and your duty to duty for the sake of duty.

A Farewell Dinner

Let us bow smilingly to the inevitable and send our brother on his mission, assured that it will not be long before he will have got at the bottom facts of all the Nihilists' plots against the Czar, and the Czar's barbarities against political prisoners and refugees. I predict specials from St. Petersburg that will thrill the world and advance civilization a century inside of a year.

The kind loving, heartfelt and cheering words uttered to-night to God-speed him found an echo in my tumultuously heaving bosom. I honor him, I applaud him as loudly as any member of his Club. I have given him more of my attention on club nights than most of you. I have eyed him askance many a time and oft. I am familiar to a considerable degree with his manners and methods. He has

Some After Dinner Speeches

not dallied with the tawny juice of the Tuscan grape like many of us; he has not lifted his voice in song, either in solo or chorus, but his rare voice has ever rang out on the slightest provocation, in most magnificent periods, for the good of the club and the glory of the *press*, the general press, of course. He has been true to the core—he has never whimpered—once I even saw him smile softly.

With a hushed resolve and a patient face he has listened with tearless eyes to Colonel McClure's direful and dolorous doxologies on the degeneracy of the Times. He has silently held his seat, masculine and neuter gender, during Doctor Bedloe's ninety-seven performances of "David and Goliath." He has remained firm for free schools and pro-

A Farewell Dinner

per kindergartens despite my innumerable and imbecilic vaporings of the "Jolly Old Pedagogue."

He has heard the glorious and resonant melody of the "Bells of Shandon" ring out for times galore, and yet no roseate hue of tumultuous joy has ever dissipated from his classic face the cold, gray tints of triumphant dyspepsia. He has been "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" many, many, oh, so many times, yet he has never shown signs of sea sickness, or been heard to wish himself with McGinty.

He has preserved his equanimity and listened with courtly calmness to Hetherington's intensely humorous bawling of "Silence" and never so much as dropped a scalding tear over the woes of "Barbara Fritchie" from the same

Some After Dinner Speeches

source. He has maintained a serene and saccharine composure while Handy has pulled his own beard at his own unerring bulls eye battering shafts of wit. He has heard speeches from Heverin and never envied him his multiplicity of adjectives. He has grown rapturous with "Sally in our Alley" and given Charlie Deacon his saddest sympathy when his face was as long as his song was happy. He has held his virility in leash and lulled all thoughts of wandering on the primrose path of dalliance while many a time and oft the stentorian tones of the "Darby Ram" made other and characterless men turn to thoughts of illicit depravity. He has never once audibly wished himself ill at home while Colonel Rogers was wrestling with "The Vagabonds."



A Farewell Dinner

Can we find anything but sincere sorrow and regret at such a parting from such a man. Mr. Chairman: I shall sit me down and weep.





OUR FLAG

*At a Fourth of July Dinner Morelton Club
Torresdale Pa.*



OUR FLAG.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

So my text is Our Flag. It sounds good to me—and is ever beautiful.

I wonder if we often, or ever, pause to think, in our restless lives, of the silent influences that sway us imperceptibly, unconsciously, and make and keep within us the motive that impels us upward and onward toward higher, better, nobler, truer, braver purposes and actions! Whether we are conscious of it or not they are there—silent, potent, tireless. Of the sentimental surely; yet, they never clash with the practical spheres of thought and action.

Among these, and close to the front

Some After Dinner Speeches

rank, comes the love for the old flag that in childhood was wont to shake out its whispering folds upon the willing wind on holidays. I've seen the eyes of the dullest school boy flash, his cheek unwonted flush, his form straighten and his steps quicken upon such hey-day occasions, as his eyes feasted on the beauty of the old flag, and his senses were ravished by the mystic message whispered to the wind. I've known the same boy to stand sullen, unresponsive alike to kindness and the birchen rod; unresponsive alike to jeers and fist cuffs of his fellows. I've seen that same boy kindle with life at a sentiment, and be really heroic.

At a sentiment? Yes. That's all it is—a mere sentiment, but it is very much of that. It is all of that.

Our Flag

As a sentiment, there is nothing in life more enduring, more potent. In times of peace it is silent, except on special occasion like this; but it never sleeps. Let but war test it. Before the cannon sounds, it is alert. The whisper in the folds is the patriot's rallying call. It calls the husband and father from his family—and he goes. It summons the youth from his parents and his home—and he goes; the lover from his trembling, weeping love—and he goes, knowing not whither nor for how long. Above the voice of pleading he hears the whispered message shaking itself out from the folds of the flag and follows, questioning, whither it leads.

The guns of Fort Sumpter died away
sullen echoes on the waves that chafe
Carolina's coast; but at the whispered

Some After Dinner Speeches

summons of the insulted flag, eyes flashed, jaws clenched, cheeks flushed, east and west throughout the loyal states, and territories, and within the hour after the call, hill and valley resounded with the tread of eager volunteers. Yet the guns of Sumpter thundered—the old flag merely whispered the story of its wrongs upon the breath of willing winds. Aye, that whispered voice, whether in greeting or warning, falls with sweeter, mandatory unction upon the patriots heart than any earthly call—than comfort, pleasure, home, religion, friend, sweetheart.

I have seen the dullest boors in camp gorging themselves — when they were out of the guard house and could get the grub,—uncouth and sluggish in habit, soaking themselves in sutler's mash,

Our Flag

when pay day was just passed. I've seen them in the hell of battle, when the voice of command could not be heard over the yells of combatants, the rattle of small arms, the thunder of ten thousand cannon, instinctively, as it seemed, follow the whispering of the flag, invisible through dun cloud of sulphurous smoke, transmused, as it were, into heroes. I've seen a hundred men fall in the fierce effort to save an imperiled flag from the profane touch, even of the enemy—that flag so soiled and stained, so tattered by shot, torn by shells, that but a little rag remained. Yet, however mutilated, the whisper was there—and that was enough. Heard above the tramp of horses, the roll of musketry, the thunder of cannon, the shouts of infuriated men, its voice was potent, aye, next to—all

Some After Dinner Speeches

most, Omnipotent. Like the still small voice that spoke out of Sinai, it did not need repetition.

I have seen men wounded to the death; gasping for breath, faint with blood letting, whispering a last fond farewell for loved ones far away, turn their glazing eyes toward the old flag and die, content. And I've wondered, often, since, as I recall the scene, if the old flag whispered "Peace," and the whispering voice was heard above the battles din and roar. If love, sanctifies, then the soldiers unstinted, unquestioning devotion to the symbol of his country's personal, civil, political, religious, universal liberty is a servitude whose chains are so pure no acid test will tarnish, so strong no earthly force can break,

Our Flag

so soft they would not chafe the tender limbs of infancy.

I have not time to enter into a dissertation and comparison in the matter of national flags and anthems resulting from inspiration of the crisis. Let me briefly refer to two such examples that played such an effective part in the history of their respective countries—I allude to the Star Spangled Banner of ours, and the Marsailles of France.

When Barton S. Key, who, after the racking suspense of a seemingly endless night in Baltimore, saw the flag floating out confidently upon the morning breeze, in a tumult of joy and gratitude was born the inspiration of America's anthem: The Star Spangled Banner! The words and music that came in tumultuous beauty and aptness pro-

Some After Dinner Speeches

claim the anthem a divine inspiration. There is no mark of effort there. The winds that dallied so lovingly with the flag were not freer, more spontaneous than his muse. It was that the new country, the greatest in natural qualifications in the wide world, should have a national song distinctive in excellence as itself. The hour came for its production—its translation if you will, from some eternal, celestial score, and the man came with it.

The very first line unfolds the story. There is no preface, no exordium.

“O, say can you see, by the dawn’s early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last
gleaming ?”

And the context completes it.

“ ’Tis the Star Spangled Banner, O long may it
wave,”

Our Flag

Rarely before, or since were such felicitously forceful and fitting words combined. Had there been but the one verse it were ample to prove that the great occasion had found its muse, its interpreter. As it is, there is nothing in any language equals the Star Spangled Banner, neither as national symbol nor national anthem.

The Marsailles is full of the fury of sanguinary strife. As a call to arms it is unequaled. No wonder it preluded the gigantic struggle which failing partly in the original purpose of man, fulfilled the wider plan of Providence in freeing all Europe from the inhuman clog of feudal servitude, though it drenched the continent in blood.

It remains for the Star Spangled Banner to be immortal. Because it lulls

Some After Dinner Speeches

in peace as it inspired in war. Because it so eminently fits and fills both conditions. The Star Spangled Banner is alone immortal. Its glorious folds will whisper and be obeyed as long as winds blow. We love the Star Spangled Banner because it is our emblem of country, home and freedom; because home would be desolate without it; because of what it represents to us in civil, social, religious, personal and political liberty and all-sufficient protection therein. As our eager eyes seek thee aloft, Old Glory, and fondly, proudly, confidently rest upon thee floating MAJESTICALLY out upon the free winds—as free, as potent as they—I recall thy mighty past, thy glorious present, and see thy magnificent future. As I listen to thy melodious whispers to the winged winds,

Our Flag

I know, in part, thy language. Hearken if I interpret aright thy message:

“ I was born into this world amid scenes of blood and suffering. Behold the fadeless red that boldly marks my folds! It is the pure patriot blood of thy fathers—even the dauntless sires of '76. And the white—it is the peace they fought for, bled for, died for. The blue field, in which gleam the stars brightly as in the azure dome above, that is the eternal covenant of loyalty to freedom and protection to all her children.

“ My mission: ‘On earth peace and good will to men.’ Not the peace of inglorious sloth; the peace that rests in confident security—whether voluntary or involuntary yielded; the peace that is alike secure in the dun cloud of war or the broad sunshine of amity. Not that!

Some After Dinner Speeches

I come to fight freedom's battles with worldly weapons; battles with the whole world, if necessary, for the whole world's good."

Oh, then, beautiful harbinger of hope, Old Glory, freemen's flag, portent of universal dominion, I ask but to live under you while I may, die under you when I must, and when my eyes are glazing in death let me but behold thee chafing the free air from the burnished dome on the half-way house to Heaven, waving, signaling, there: "On earth peace and good will to men."

Mr. Chairman, let us drain a bumper of champagne to Old Glory and the glorious Fourth of July.



A COUNTRY DINNER

*At a Country Dinner given at Harvey's Lake
Penna*

[REDACTED]

A COUNTRY DINNER

MR. TOASTMASTER:

I don't often get a chance to banquet in the country, and you need not, therefore, be surprised at my greedily grasping a big slice of it to-day. It isn't my fault that I'm so seldomly seen frolicing and feasting outside of city limits. I'm always willing enough, but the country is so large, compared with me, that I fail to score. I always knew that for good living there's nothing like being very close to the base of supplies, so this generous and luscious provender to-day is mere corroboration to me. I envy the landed proprietor who can set out his own roasting ears; have his own oyster beds in his garden plot;

Some After Dinner Speeches

pluck his virgin pumpkins from his own trees; brew his own hard cider; commune with his own pigs and swap sermons with his running brooks. Look at the hard lot of the city fellow. He gets his food at second hand. His beef-steak has been on dress parade outside the butcher's dissecting rooms for days before it comes to his table. It may have grown on a Durham bull or on the original cow with the crumpled horn, that was milked by the maiden all forlorn. The chances are largely in favor of the latter, if not of even a more remote antiquity. In the city every known vegetable is second hand and more or less stale by the time it gets to the city man's table. Nothing flourishes and grows spontaneously in the city except the beat. That is indigenous to the

A Country Dinner

soil and atmosphere of cities. Sauages, too, are an abundant privilege there. And as to animals, well, we have bulls and bears, and they are always slaughtering each other. Our ducks go lame prematurely and are cut off in their youthtide. Even the hogs we have in the city are too dainty to go on all fours. They actually strive to walk erect, and on rare occasions, I have almost heard one of them say: "good-morning" or "take one with me."

True, we have birds—birds of prey; doves—soiled doves and chippies. I speak on the authority of common rumor in this matter, but I actually believe it myself.

Oh, a country life for me—whenever I can get an invitation to such a place as this. I want free water, and free air,

Some After Dinner Speeches

where there's enough air to go around, and make a mess for everybody, so that one doesn't have to breathe the same air his fellow man has exhaled, no, nor his fellow woman either—unless as a matter of duty one inhales it from her lips in closely pressed, glued together contact. I am glad to be in the country where the blue canopy of heaven festooned with silvery grey linings, held up with golden tacks, is not obscured by a net work of telegraph wires and soaring chimneys, where the woods, groves and brooklets are vocal with one eternal hymn of praise to the God, who made the country and spread his table of peace.

You country gentlemen are seldom parsimonious. You are lords of the soil. You send us in your grain, your fruits,

A Country Dinner

your vegetables and your fat cattle. It isn't your fault if the butter you send, becomes aged; the hen fruit strong, if not muscular, and that the beef is made to ornament the shambles for the collection of the city's dust and dirt ere it comes to us for mastication and probable deglutition. You send these things to us abundantly and you don't expect any return in kind. You are willing to take the best return we are able to make—generally our coin, occasionally our presence. You send us all these necessities and luxuries, but there is one luxury you cannot send us. Ah, if you could but send us, if you could but gladden our weary eyes, our parched souls with the sight of these landscapes, sleeping serenely in the sunlight, carpeted with flower-dotted verdure, lulled

Some After Dinner Speeches

by murmuring brooks and lowing kine and piping birds; and wrapped about with the ethereal robe of a perfumed atmosphere, where health kneels rosy-hued and fresh lipped at the feet of peace! If you could send us one such boon as this from out of your plenty—but much as you have you cannot send us such a benison. Like the heaven it pictures, we may go to it—it can never come to us, so, earnestly, I thank you for to-day.



AS A GRANDFATHER

*At a Clover Club Dinner in the Hotel Bellevue
Philadelphia on being presented with a Gold
Spoon for having become a grandfather*



AS A GRANDFATHER.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I am main glad to find such a general and generous recognition of the importance of this occasion. This is a proud era for the Clover Club, the epoch of a new cycle in time. Henceforth the calendar will have a new chronological cycle. Historians will write of the Julian period such a year; Genesis so-and-so; the deluge so-and-so; such a date B. C.; such a year the hegira of Mahomet; such a year the Olympian games; such a year the American Independence, the founding of the Clover Club such a date; and such a date the G. O. C.—meaning Grandpoppery of the Clover Club. All the old marks, save



Some After Dinner Speeches

Genesis and the Christian Era and American Independence, will pass away and be forgotten, lie slumbering, as a now famous father and member of this Club would say, in innocuous desuetude. The Philadelphia Centennial, the Chicago Quadrennial, yea, even the laying of the corner-stone of the once new Public Buildings at Broad and Market streets, will, in course of time, be forgotten epochs, but the G. O. C. era—meaning Grandpoppery of the Clover Club—will grow brighter and deeper with the ages, and never cease to be the epoch of a cycle in the flight of time. Though you have not aided in the founding of this magnificent era, I am glad to see you all alive to its importance. It behooves me to formally express the gratitude of this Club and the

As a Grandfather

gratification of the universal human race that the Clover Club is no longer a parvenu. It has a grandfather in its membership. Its genealogical tree is now secure. It is a proud day for the Clover Club, and though you owe me much I am neither arrogant nor proud. This great achievement, to most of you impossible, to all of you difficult, came easy to me. I am built for such momentous accomplishments. I ought also to formally return my thanks to the Club for nominating me, the youngest and most inexperienced man in the Club, as its candidate for the honor of pioneer grandpop. I will not allude to the sacrifice I make in thus consenting to appear in the eyes of the female world as a venerable patriarch. The ladies have

Some After Dinner Speeches

always, and justly, regarded me as a very young man, as, indeed, I am in years, but I fear I shall never again be able to make them consider me in it. It's a sacrifice I make to oblige and benefit the Club, and I would cheerfully do much more in the same line for the same cause.

I may be pardoned for saying I did not rush heedlessly in where angels fear to tread. I did not accept the candidacy for this office without deliberation. I carefully looked over all the timber before I decided to accept the nomination. When I found how utterly incompetent all others of the Club were to fill the post of honor, and how necessary it was that the genealogical tree be planted, then I accepted the trust with all its personal sacrifices and

As a Grandfather

immolated myself for my fellow members. It would have entailed endless scandal and humiliation for the Club to have gone outside its membership to borrow material for its family tree. So, when you found, among so many willing and anxious to fill the post of pioneer grandfather—after all the older members had striven more or less publicly, and the younger ones not so furtively as they imagined with the one result, failure—you recognized your inability, rather imbecility, and called on me. You know the result. The golden spoon is mine. I didn't take kindly to the mission and for that reason I looked over the timber, with a critical and indulgent, if hopeless, glance. You all know what a lot of material it is. Look on it in its helpless, hopeless, germless

Some After Dinner Speeches

and eratic imbecility. Look at it and weep. Look at it and calculate how many years since its essential immortality emigrated by way of the spinal column to the brain to indulge in joyous picture painting, and, having no return ticket, never got back home. Look at the timber. See there the great editor who can preach but not perpetuate, and who can only have good Times in the early morning editions of his paper; there the erudite and witty lawyer, who spasmodically adds to the census with the coming of the seventeen year locusts; there our magnificent Mayor Stuart, who ostentatiously parades his personal pulchritude on the shores of matrimony, but hasn't sufficient confidence in his fecundity to plunge boldly in; there the Consul to

As a Grandfather

China, who wears his cap and bells ever gracefully, but leaves nothing but his airy persiflage and nimble wit, to fasten his renown on the coming generation; there the head and tail of the greatest committee in the recent billion dollar Congress, General Bingham, who has thus far made only superficial study of what will enlarge and promote the mail service in this country. But why enumerate? What are they all? Poor dribblers on the river of Time, while I, the man, provoke their envy, by accepting the nomination and winning the election as the pioneer grandfather.

And now to the graver responsibilities which my position as the pioneer grandfather of this Club imposes upon me. It is my duty to pose as counselor

Some After Dinner Speeches

for this Club, and it is your duty to heed my advice. Don't let grandpop-
pery stop here. It is the bounden duty
of every member of this Club to add
additional branches to its genealogical
tree. Now that I have blazed the path
for you it ought to be possible for some
of you to follow. There was but one
Christopher Columbus, but there were
lots of smaller chaps to follow him. Let
their example stimulate you. Don't sit
back with folded arms and crossed legs
and grow biliary with envy over my
honors, but go to work for yourselves.
You can't expect me to do more than
counsel and advise you. You must do the
work yourselves. It's something that
cannot be satisfactorily done by proxy.
Your great political pull won't avail;
even if you could get a Government ap-



As a Grandfather

propriation—that wouldn't bring the answer. Family influence won't do. Artificial incubators won't be of any service in this matter.

Though my position has its responsibilities, it has its compensating joys. To me, whose tastes and habits have always been domestic, it will involve no rude change of ruts and grooves. I shall, indeed, I may as well say I already have settled down into grandfatherly habits. Lips sweeter than clover have begun to seek my grandfatherly lips, a breath more delightfully redolent than clover to expand my lungs, and a head redder than clover to blush against my lapel an almost continual boutonniere. I don't object; I like it. I enjoy it so much that having done so much for the Club I intend

Some After Dinner Speeches

to repeat the feat for my own pleasure. In fancy I can now see myself, half a century hence, sitting back, lean, wrinkled and slippered, in my easy chair in the sunlight pressing the bald pate of my great, great grandchild against my yet stout heart while I read the congratulations of the Clover Club on having been elected and installed as its pioneer great, great grandfather, after having successively and successfully filled the intermediate stages of grand and great grandfather. I haven't a prophetic soul, even though I am a seventh son, but it doesn't require divination to see that simple induction, and you are all capable of working that out for me, though I can only regard your own prospects as full

As a Grandfather

of the melancholy elements of vague uncertainty.

I accept this spoon of pure gold, this token of your appreciation of my high sense and conscientious devotion to duty. I shall prize it not for its intrinsic worth, but for the just, I might almost say generous impulse that prompted it. I cannot escape nor ignore the conviction that again I must sacrifice myself for the good of my fellows. Hence, much as I should love to keep this superb trophy of my prowess and propinquity, I have decided, since I looked it over and tried acid on it, that for the good of the Club I will donate it to the Club to be kept and cherished by it to the latest generation. I have the right to request that it be kept always in sight of members as a silent monitor of stern duty

Some After Dinner Speeches

and an incentive to action. While I know you are grateful I should prefer not to be burdened by oral or written expressions of gratitude, but am willing to be gratified and surprised by substantial results.



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At a Dinner in the Ho



WOMAN.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

A pious philosopher propounded the question: "What is man?" That was venturing very close to fundamental conditions. The answer: "Man is what woman makes him," defines the condition, if not the purpose. To answer the question "what is woman?" is by no means so easy. Consistent in her inconsistencies, wise in her follies, true in her fickleness, inflexible in her yielding, meek in her pride, volatile in her loyalty, rash in her timidity, gay and even frivolous in her gravity, candid in her duplicity, cautious in her recklessness. This is one side of many sided woman.

Tears and smiles, love and hatred, joy

Some After Dinner Speeches

and grief, saint and sinner, angel and demon—this is woman; and man is what she makes him.

In the mosaic narrative, the sexes had already fallen into their relative places. The first man was contented; the first woman ambitious. Eden was a delightful home, but it was walled in. It soon became monotonous. The only adventure possible was the forbidden fruit. I am not sure but the woman had a deep-laid plot in her disobedience, which outreached her native curiosity. She wanted to see the outside world and, incidentally, see what they were wearing. There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may; and that Divinity is Woman.

Fact or fiction, myth or history the narrative of Eve in the Garden of Eden

Woman

is delightfully realistic. She wanted to see the world and, incidentally, have the world see her. The *Home, Sweet Home*, of the nostalgic poet, is very delightful; but it needs variety. It was characteristic of the sex that she took Adam with her to witness and share her triumphs. If he ever relented, he was man enough not to say so; and she sufficiently womanly to keep him so busy and happy he had no time for regrets. Myth or history, the tradition of the garden is a realistic picture in outline. Poets of succeeding ages have rhapsodized on and over woman as a theme. Sensibly or insensibly, the world revolves about her. She is the domestic deity, the power behind the throne. She builds the Temples of Fame; nourishes, inspires and trains worthy tenants there-

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fore. She tints the edges of Olympian clouds, inspires the muses of Parnassus and marshals her host toward the flowery plains of Elysium.

She flits through martial camps on airy pinions, inspires the hero and flashes victory from its gleaming sword; ministering angel of the hospitals, where she disperses gloom, alleviates pain and impresses upon the paling lips of the dying a passport through the pearly gates, potent as the peris long sought boon that opens the gates of Paradise: "A repentant sinner's tear." This is one side of many sided woman.

She is the golden fruit of Hesperides; the angel of peace at the fireside. She turns faint at the sight of a wee mouse, and scorns the peril of five-bar gates at the horse show. She shrinks from a

Woman

five-blocks' walk at home and glories in climbing Alpine mountain peaks.

She is Mary Magdalen by the seaside and Saint Mary at Gethsemane. She is Jezebel, the Zidonian, and Ruth, the Moabitish gleaner. She is Joan of Arc and Mary Queen of Scots. She is Walter Scott's—

*“O, Woman ! in our hour of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”*

As maiden, she veils her face in the mantling blush of timid modesty, and trembles at the sound of every manly tread in delicious dread that it may be he for whom she most ardently hopes.

Betrothed, she envies no maiden her beauty, grace, fortune, titles, lovers.

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Her face is flushed with happiness, her eyes lighted with joy; she treads with airy lightness, borrows the melody of the nightingale and chases the lagging feet of expectancy with glowing visions of realization.

As wife, she leads while she follows, commands while she obeys; masks sorrow with gladness, fear with hope, pain with smiles, and neutralizes apprehension with oblivion.

Mother is a sacred name; mother's love the standard of earth's love direct from the archetype of heaven's. All other loves are relative, comparative. No earthly crown is so regal, no diadem so precious as mother's love.

As the frost of time bleaches her hair and care's pencil lines her brow, the lovelight softens and deepens and

Woman

brightens in her eyes; but the nimbus that has gently and increasingly crept upon and glorified her face, smoothes out and hides the wrinkles from our loving eyes, and stamps that gentle, patient face indelibly upon the faithful film of memory—a deathless thing.

The holiest names on earth are *Mother, Wife, Sister, Daughter*. No other hands strike the chords of Memory's lyre half so sweetly or draw forth such sweet, entrancing music. Mothers, long since yielding the palm of victor here, for the crown of glory there, standing spirit wrapped, in gauzy loveliness, just beyond the dim, mysterious margin, just beyond the line that separates the finite from the infinite, just between us and heaven, beckon us to

Some After Dinner Speeches

nobler aims, higher purposes, loftier pursuits.

This is woman—heavens best gift to earth: her weakness, omnipotence, her imperfections, perfected. Woman with her contrasts blended, her discords harmonized, her name sanctified, her memory glorified, who but will say with me: Ah, my Mother! Where you are will be heaven enough for me.

SOCIETY

*At a Dinner given in the Lotos Club New
York City*



SOCIETY.

MR. TOASTMASTER:

I fear you will discover inside of three minutes that you have called on one to speak on Society, who isn't a Society man. Society is progressive. Very often the progress is backward, but that doesn't matter so long as it keeps moving. It is a law of nature that nothing can stand still and live. Watch the tides of old ocean—and while watching the tides keep your eyes on those tides some of you are gathering to-night.

There come epochs in the world's history wherein Society goes back to nature, for example and inspiration. The present era is a fair sample of such a movement. Society's real-thing title

Some After Dinner Speeches

must bear the patent of ancient nobility, with the great, red seal thereon.

Failing, by accident of birth, therein, and the necessity of recruits being imperative, admittance to the coveted exclusives must be by grace of such titled nobility.

Time was, when the man who wasn't born something, must have done something. But as the population increased out of all proportion to the ranks of society, the law had to be changed. It then became evident that requirements must be made easier. There is no such subtle flattery as imitation. The aristocrats learned this somehow—and now have a multitude of servile imitators.

Comprehensive research into the archives discovered two conditions im-

Society

perative: Society must do nothing useful, know less? It must have a pedigree—the mustier and mistier the better. If it went back to William the Conqueror, well. If to Charlemagne or Cæsar better. If it should hike back to the deluge, better still; but great ambitions are restless and the *sine qua non* was tacitly recognized as the Garden of Eden with Eve as the original social leader—and the best dresser of her time.

It didn't matter if the process of lineage was through Cain, who, it will be recalled slew his brother, because he, the brother, worked. That settled one phase of the problem. The matter of apparel was wisely regulated by the same standard of antiquity—the fig leaf where it would do the most good. Hence, the dual *sine qua non* of Society. No

Some After Dinner Speeches

work and just enough clothes for a badge distinctive from the merely animal.

There have been periods of decline toward utility and decency, so called by invidious ignorance, but they have been atoned for and abandoned. It is permitted, however, to members of comparatively recent origin to wear all the diamonds not actually in custody of Uncles, and so forth; but this grant of grace is rigid and exclusively confined to the living members of Society. Nobody eved heard of a dead Earl or Marchioness being interred in fig leaf and diamond costume. Even Society tacitly recognizes this uniform won't go with St. Peter. It might be for that reason; or it may be some other reason which

Society

would be disclosed when the will came to be read, and the schedule verified.

It might be argued, were not disputations so self-evidently gratuitous supererrogation, that a generous display of countenance, so to speak, is indicative of candor. Certainly it is inconsistent with candor to say one does not see much of it.

Society however does not black-ball work. It merely and severely stipulates as against work of utility. It does herculean stunts of the class of work recognized as polite exertion. It sweats lavishly of brow in all the visible surface thereof. It crosses oceans, traverses continents, trots globes and climbs mountains. It encourages philanthropy, by the loan of its countenance; gives aphorisms and epigrams to the poor,

Some After Dinner Speeches

prepares great feasts for the unhungry and sends the crumbs to Lazarus. It works at golf all day and terpsichores all night. It marries early and often, and divorces quite as early and as often. It produces and rears progeny by proxy. It requires a formal certificate for marriage, but not for elopement. It confesses its sins, as long and often as it can pay for absolution and then becomes liberal and disputes future responsibility. When it dies, it is buried in its best suit of clothes—real garments and jewels not included—and—well if Charon had relied on society for muscle he would have gone broke long since.

I want to be fair. Society does work, though it has no Labor Unions to maintain its members. To be sure, it draws its line of labor at work of utility; but

Society

the line must be drawn somewhere and if legitimate industry will but attend to that, society unselfishly shoulders all the rest—and Providence is kind to it.

Just what titled, pedigreed—greed, accidental, therefore, not significant—European society would have done for relief had not American plutocrats given its daughters to second sons, done its shopping abroad, bought up its delapidated castles and reputed art works, including cauls, etcetera; enriched its shop keepers and baccarat dealers; bought its hotels several times over and left the title deeds thereof unclaimed, tipped its waiters till they looked down upon younger sons of aristocratic descent and so forth and so forth the time hasn't come to inquire.

But it is a good world. There's a sil-

Some After Dinner Speeches

ver lining to the cloud so long as the United States of America are content to produce and equip candidates for continental society, and export them to do Society stunts in Europe: leaving real live men and women here to do the work of utility including political industry; the United States will be a world worth living in.

So long as obtains the temporal trinity of Brawn, Brains and Brotherhood, just so long will our mines produce, our factories hum, our forges detonate, our bells ring, our whistles sound, our locomotives scream, and gulp the complaining miles and breathe them forth condensing—just so long can Europe transport its needy brawn to be enriched, rehabilitated in a generation or two and return to Europe with the one essential

Society

qualification requisite for Society stunts.

The bond of national brotherhood will remain. Europe and America will continue to clasp hands across the ocean providing the American hand be not empty. The free exchange of commodities will go on, increasingly. The United States will put European Brains, Brawn and Brotherhood on the free list, and Europe won't expect us to pay duty on the society recruits we equip and export in return, while they continue to draw revenue from this side to maintain baccarat and other art studios; to buy weddings, divorces, and proxies; to clothe their female relatives in bare-skin robes and jewels, while, the males engage in the industries—pursuit of foxes; athletic sports, including

Some After Dinner Speeches

challenges to duels and the like; automobiling, æroplaning, ballooning and financial kite flying. They'll continue to know the custom of dying and being buried in their best clothes—with empty pockets.

That's the kind of world we live in, and I reaffirm its a good, jolly old world for those who do, and seek the good in it. Time was when Brain was servant of Brawn. Now they are united, and out of the union comes Brotherhood, third person of a temporal trinity. It is a practical, harmonious, sympathetic man-loving brotherhood that, like the silver lining which irradiates, if it can't dispel, the cloud, and tints its murky depths with its own perennial glory.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN THE STATESMAN

*At a Dinner of the Lincoln Association .
Lehern Pa.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE STATESMAN.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

If I seem to hesitate do not ascribe it to timidity, but to my being an apologist. This is my first offense against Mr. Lincoln,—I have frequently been called, but have invariably declined to be chosen. I feel and know my weakness. However, you do not expect much from me. If not youth, then inexperience and modesty must plead for me. I am confident they will not plead weakly nor in vain. I know too well the enlarged phylacteries of your charity to doubt that. For all that, I should not have the courage to face this critical audi-

Some After Dinner Speeches

ence, in its hypercritical condition, but that duty is my irrepressible monitor.

I am glad to be able to congratulate this association upon its choice of a name, and its successful efforts to be worthy of it. It behooves me to say, in all candor, that never, in my experience, have I so realized my own incompetency, the utter poverty of speech to measure up to the lofty standard of my theme. I can only ask you to ignore the speaker and concentrate your minds and hearts upon the immortal man whose birth, life and deeds this occasion commemorates. Thus will you be enabled to emulate, however feebly, the virtue of the statesman, patriot and orator whose name you have so wisely chosen for your association; and consecrate yourselves anew to Heaven and



Abraham Lincoln, the Statesman

humanity, to God and Country. Thus may you relight the smouldering embers upon the altar of patriotism in your own hearts and fan them into fiercer, steadier flame.

I am not vain enough, at this late day, to attempt a eulogy of Mr. Lincoln. The story, the world loves so well, has been told by the best tongues and pens so often, so fittingly in prose and verse—as well as by artists in bronze, marble and granite—that a rasher man than I might well despair of entering the list. I will, if you please, leave the heroic acts of the glorious, and glorified hero-martyr to history, and the recognized orators of the hour, and content myself with a few random thoughts as to the civic side of Mr. Lincoln and his

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effect upon the destinies of our Nation and the world.

Half a century has passed—merged into history, since Abraham Lincoln, evolved by the Providence we vaguely denominate as chance, from the itinerary of a backwoods lawyer, in the then far West, impelled into the limelight on the National forum, at once became, as by right divine, the foremost figure in the van of the most progressive, far-reaching, all-embracing epoch in the world's history. Gaunt in figure, cadaverous of face; sallow, solemn, known to comparatively few, quite untried, denounced, maligned, ridiculed then; now, acclaimed, loved, idolized and canonized in the pantheon of the Nation's civic saints and martyrs to liberty, the

Abraham Lincoln, the Statesman

fame of Abraham Lincoln is forever secure.

One of the few immortal names that were not born to die, yet he stands, in a manner, alone among the very few illustrious benefactors of humanity. His place is unique in history—insofar as that utterly without personal ambition, he knew only truth, duty and righteousness.

Abraham Lincoln was by nature, instinct and indomitable purpose a builder, a constructionist, as distinguished from the destructionist. It is easier to tear down than to build. Mr. Lincoln found the mighty Republic of Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson, disrupted; in arms intent upon proving the impossible political problem that two parts of a Republic, divided by an

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imaginary line, were equivalent to the whole; and the result developed, and settled forever, the error of the pernicious, political heresy.

Let me pass on to a few of the distinctive traits that characterized the great redeemer of his country; made ultimate, entire success possible, and will forever be the chief flowers in his wreath of deathless fame. He was not a surgeon *per se*, but a healer. If he used the sword promptly and strenuously to cut off the gangrenous, putrefying limb, he applied the styptic and healing balm as promptly and effectively. His whole aim and purpose was to calm, not inflame passions and prejudices. His tender heart was in constant rebellion against the inexorable demand of duty,

Section 2. - How to use this book

1940-1941

After Lincoln's return to the White House he was a
skilled and experienced ~~builder~~ builder. He distinguished from the ~~construction~~ easier to tear down than to ~~build~~ build. Lincoln found the ~~majority~~ majority of Washington ~~disrupted~~ disrupted; in some ~~ways~~ ways the impossible ~~possible~~ possible two parts of a

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just he hewed severely to the line of truth, combining simple means with profound art, harmonizing discordant elements in party strife and sectional enmity; welding the fractured sills of the Union in a fierce furnace of war—whose incessant fire-flashes irradiated the dun clouds of ascending smoke that, far above the hell of carnage, spanned a rainbow bridge of hope for victor and for vanquished.

Out of such conflicting elements of character, as Duty that would and Pity that pleaded; out of grim, unfaltering firmness tempered by an unctuous humor, out of the fibres of justice mulched in the milk of mercy, out of an inspired purpose tested and proved with mathematical precision was moulded the Statesman: **ABRAHAM LINCOLN.**

Abraham Lincoln, the Statesman

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm ;
While round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine lingers round its head.

Crises come at times to all nations, and the men come with them. If in the purposes of destiny a crisis were now impending over us the man will come with it.

It matters not whether it come sooner or later, or not at all, it cannot compare in magnitude and dire portent with the slaveholders' rebellion of the early sixties.

When that awful crisis came, Abraham Lincoln stood forth as the man of the hour—a man of moral and physical courage, of faith, hope and endurance. In all stages of the rebellion, in evil and good report, in defeat and victory, in

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disaster, doubt and desertion the voice of Abraham Lincoln,—heard above the din of battle, the clash of camp follower and contract patriot,—was for the Union, the freedom of the slave, the substantial good and lasting glory of his country and humanity. Bravely he stood at his post, tempering the brave and wise, goading the tardy and careless on to the momentuous work. When the mighty task was done, when the red tide of war was stayed, and the hands on the dial plate of progress had been moved forward a century and the popular step had been trained by Abraham Lincoln, the Statesman, to keep time with the new march; when the clouds were rolled away and the clear sky was again in view; when Peace came down from Heaven to kiss the face of earth once

Abraham Lincoln, the Statesman

more, and to heal the wounds with her balmy breath,—there came the swift vision of a flaming chariot and Abraham Lincoln had gone up higher. His sacrifices had been made and his place in history, in fame, in the reverent, idolizing love of his countrymen, in posterity to the remotest ages was tenderly, fervently, gratefully, forever secure.

Great as was the shock, sincere the grief, spontaneous the horror evoked by the tragedy of his death, we can but acknowledge it was the fitting crown to the great life that stands alone in history. The mighty work was done. The wide-world held no place but would cramp and dwarf him. The assassin's pistol shot, that echoed round the globe, summoned such universal tribute of sincere sorrow and regret as had never

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yet been paid to mortal man, be he king or conqueror, ecclesiastic or civic. There was such kindly lotion in the consecrated tears, that the gaping wounds of sectional war were healed. The blood of the martyr forever sanctified the cause of freedom. During his life, Envy writhed beneath him, Ambition lagged behind him, Hope scarce outran him, Success was his messenger and Honor decked him with her jeweled crown. At his death the Recording Angel wrote Statesman, Patriot and Martyr beside his name on fame's abiding cenotaph—and as we gather to-night in tender tribute to his deathless memory, so while Liberty, and the Union he preserved, remains; so while the starry flag, "Old Glory," floats triumphant, unchallenged from lake line to Panama,

Abraham Lincoln, the Statesman

from Orient in the Pacific to sunrise in the Atlantic will our children and our children's children meet, as we do here, to render loving tribute to the storied name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.





MY ANCESTORS

*At a Clam Bake given by George Clark, Esq.
in Norwalk Conn.*

MY ANCESTORS

MR. TOASTMASTER:

I salute the whole clam family. You all recall that Odon, the putative father of the development theory, thought that all life, vegetable and animal, originated in the sea; Darwin is content to trace the genealogy of man from the monkey tribe. So some of us are clams and the rest apes.

I infer that I owe my invitation, and the very cordial treatment accorded me here, both by host and guests, to the circumstance of my being a representative of the clam family, that is, I'm invited here to the funeral ceremonies of my forefathers. I needn't say I am proud of my lineage. I know the tradi-

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tions of the family. We were the very first settlers. We were here when Columbus came. We antedate the Conqueror and were veterans when Adam was a puny, puling infant.

We are peaceable, moral and eminently consistent, that's the reason there are so few of us; we are proud of our traditions and strictly true to them. The clam of to-day is identical in every respect with the clam of ten thousand years ago. I speak authoritatively as a representative. We never go to war. That's the reason we are so numerous. If we are struck, we never strike back—even if we find it out, which we seldom do. We never even go to banquets, unless we are most solicitously sent for, that's the reason we live so long. One reason for this is that we are opposed

My Ancestors

to all kinds of rapid transit, and we are not much as pedestrians. We don't even ride bicycles. Another reason is a tradition in the family that when we do go, involuntarily, they make it very hot for us; in fact strip us naked, throw away our overcoats and mutilate us so our own children wouldn't know us. We never differ about religion. Being older than Adam we didn't fall with him, so we don't need to make fireproof dwellings, not even fireproof floors—though I don't know of anybody who does, for that matter. We don't even set our agile wits to work to devise some cunning, subtle chemical to neutralize the fumes of sulphur and brimstone. We don't need to; there are a good many of us, and we never do anything we don't need to do. Still, I have no doubt

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if we were afflicted with financial marrasmus we'd manage the laying of such floors, and the discovering of such deodorizers as a means of stimulating circulation. No more do I doubt that if everybody who is troubled, and justly so, with specters of future fire and brimstone, were to begin to build and deodorize promptly, there would be such plethora of currency in a month that everybody would have plenty. We don't run around o' nights; that's another reason why we live so long. We stay quietly at home with our families. We don't even go on wedding tours when we are married. We don't gossip about our neighbors. If we don't know anything we don't say anything. We don't speculate on 'change. We don't drink whiskey—water is good enough



My Ancestors

for us. We neither chew nor smoke. We go to bed in overcoats and boots; but that's not peculiar; you've all done that.

When bidden to a feast we preserve our wonted quiet demeanor. We leave our clothes in the kitchen and never say a word even if we get into the soup. We lie down with our enemies—like the lamb with the lion—but we often get up in the night, if they put too many mixed drinks in the same dormitory with us. We live as long as we can and always have our coffins ready, the sea is our cemetery, the waves our winding sheet and the billows sing our dirges.

I am glad you have given me the occasion to say a word in behalf of the oldest family of creation, which, owing to its modesty and reticence, is very lit-

Some After Dinner Speeches

tle understood by the mushroom tribes. It is, indeed, fitting that I should be its mouthpiece, being, as I am, its most modest, quiet, peacable and consistent representative. True, I have not an authentic genealogical record, but I can confidently appeal to my possession of family traits and adherence to family traditions. And, I am proud of my lineage. It is the fashion to attempt to be funny with the clam family—just because, from our forbearance, it is safe to do so. But, we can stand it. Yes, sir, I am proud of my family. There never was one of the clam family hanged or beheaded or electrocuted for a crime, though a good many have been barbarously baked alive for no fault of their own. I am proud of my clam lineage. If Darwin's theory is true I



My Ancestors

can confidently say my ancestors never wore tails, and that's where I have the bulge on the rest of you fellows.

Here's to the memory of my ancestors, who this night met untimely death and unnatural sepulture. May they rest in their graves in peace for our sakes. To that end let us moisten their lamented remains with some Moët and Chandon White Seal which our host has so wisely, generously and exclusively provided.





SCRAPPLE

At a Dinner in the Hotel Majestic Philadelphia



SCRAPPLE.

So, Mr. Chairman, my toast is plain scrapple, not scrapple on toast. 'Tis a mixed subject and we have all been full of it, many a time and oft. It, at least, has the merit of being safe.

What's in a name? Usually, something—sometimes much; occasionally more—sentimentally, everything. Philadelphia, Brotherly Love, for instance. Something in that—even though a brother offended is harder to be regained than a walled city. Scrappletown and Slowtown—more in them. Twenty-five years to build the City Hall,—not finished yet. The dome has to be gilded. Fortunately material is plentiful—guilt, real guilt, if you don't mind a trifle like

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orthography. Why, most any of our contractors could supply it, the real thing and plenty of it.

Slowtown: Seven years waiting for pure water. Haven't got it yet. History repeating itself: Jacob waiting for Rachel. Jacob didn't get her the first time. No more did Philadelphia. Jacob had to snuggle up to Leah for seven years longer. He waited—waited almost cheerfully. Why? Because he wanted Rachel—had paid for Rachel and knew he had a dead cinch on the old man next time. For why? Because, oh, be—cause the old man had no more daughters to shunt off. Comparisons are odious but, well Slowtown'll be about out of material this time—about up to the limit on the tax rate. And so—well, Slowtown to get what she's waited twice

Scapple

for, paid three times for and we'll all drink stone blind when pure water comes flowing home. Slowtown, but we get there all the same. So if I remember rightly did the cinch bug that had no wings to fly. *Scapple!*

Scappletown—why, I read in a Philadelphia daily,—nothing slow in them, with their personal ownership,—that Philadelphia was consuming 12,000 pounds of scapple weekly, and that's been a month ago, when the season wasn't, so to say, ripe yet; but scapple was.

Incidentally, will you just ponder on the faith, the unwinking, unthinking blind faith of the thing! Scappletown takes her scapple on trust—just as she took her Schuylkill water on trust for so many years. Even Dr. Warren's

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pure food laws fought shy of scrapple: science had reached its limit—and that limit was—scrapple.

Scrappletown! Takes its booze on trust: stands up to the gilded bar of a thousand dollar licensed saloon, calls for straight goods first time, never looks at the blend label on the bottle—takes it on faith first time. Second time, couldn't see it if did look. Third time and so on to the limit—well you all know how it is yourselves; you've all been there—wouldn't amount to much if you hadn't in real worldly experience. And—what is worldly experience? Scrapple. What is booze? Scrapple.

Ever investigate politics? Something singular about the term. A noun of plural form that takes a verb in the singular. The verb is the only thing

Scapple

about it that is singular, though, in Scrappletown. Scrappletown isn't a village any more; covers many an acre. There's plenty of room left yet to build houses on; but not a cubic inch of space from the snow line to the ground. Aye, in the very subway's and river's subterranean, but what is jam full of politics. All kinds, too; warranted inch thick, yard wide and all—scapple. You can have politics straight; in bar slang, without water, sugar or a wild cherry tinted with a wilder coal-tar, bi-product.

You get politics on the house-top, in the cellar; at the legal bar, and the licensed bar; at the club, office, sociable; in hall and pulpit; in Chinatown, Little Italy, Rittenhouse Square; at weddings and funerals; in stock brokering and philanthropy; you can get into politics

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for nothing and come out with nothing. You can take your politics straight as his Honor, the Mayor, does or blended as does Herr Blankenburg. You can get it raw or hashed or mulched; but in the end, both ends for that matter, its all—what? Scrapple!

If there's anything in this progressive twentieth century with no mystery, no sham, no big odd nonsense about it, it should be and therefore, is society. It is a want to know, you know, society a high art, high jinks, high ball society. A horse show, dog bench, stock board society. An eloping, divorcing society—and out of doors, automobiling society. It sails the ocean blue and climbs the Matterhorn. It spells its one or more middle names in full and hyphenates its patronymics. It remembers

Scapple

its pedigree and forgets its prayers. It scorns those whose forefathers never distinguished themselves and envies those whose forefathers and foremothers did. It aspires to be known abroad. And it is known. One continent knows it. Its pictures are in all the papers—likewise its dot. It is scorified, glorified. It is followed, courted, married and divorced—more glory. It shows itself the wide world over. It tires of monotony—goes on the stage—shows itself some more—much more. It marries some more. Not much more to be sure, but enough for glory. With the sparkle and glitter of the footlights on the stage, the rustle and glow of paper and coin in the banks there's glory enough to be sure; but it's all scapple—SCAPPLE.

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Oh, but it's all great, though. We shine for it, and pine for it; look up to it, crook down to it; adore it, implore it; chase it, embrace it. It skips everywhere, tips everywhere. It doesn't die. It elopes to Paradise. Maybe St. Peter will need an introduction; but that's pure speculation. The court physician misses the person; but the class remains, no common disease for it. It has new ones with long, latinized names. The court doctor shares the glory—and the gold. A generation ago humanity didn't know it had an appendix. Poor folks don't know it yet. Now the scar on the tummy is the distinctive insignia of wealth, luxury, rank. Rank maybe, but the guinea's stamp. That's vulgar, but appendicitis is its mark, and its exclu-



Scapple

sive; maybe St. Peter won't recognize it, but it goes here and is to be had for money. Oh its glorious, all glorious. But its all scrapple—scrapple. And isn't it glory enough to know that this is Scrappletown; and scrapple is the real thing. No doubt but it's a made up thing, blind, fearfully, and wonderfully made, to be sure; but Philadelphia is plucky; it makes no scrutiny into the mutiny. It takes its medicine like a little man, and asks no questions. What proves to be good for it it clings to. Just, for instance, as it tried so many kinds of reforms. How it clung to them, is a matter of local history. Maybe it's scrapple too; maybe it isn't. It's all mystifying, vexatious. But then it's all scrapple.

It was in the mind of Scrappletown's

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immortal bard when he wrote the deathless lines:

This world is all a fleeting show,
Since Adam ate the apple
Its smiles of Joy, its tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but—Scrapple.

**ACCEPTING A NOMINATION
FOR MAYOR**

*At a Dinner of the Fellowship Club in the
Hotel Flanders Philadelphia when a committee
of one tendered a nomination for Mayor on
behalf of the Club*



ACCEPTING A NOMINATION FOR MAYOR.

Mr. Chairman, and Gentleman of the Committee; and gentleman of gentlemen. This is so precipitous! I ought to have had a typewritten reply all cut out and fitted to the occasion—and so I should; but, then, it's so sudden. As it is, I've done the best, the very best possible in the case—I have carefully prepared some extempore remarks, such as involuntary candidates for a great office find to fill the bill so jam full.

Now I'm a modest man, but I draw the line at truth. I know it is contrary to custom, but I accept all the good things the committee has said about me,



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and intend to add to the list a few more of my good points which the committee has overlooked. I accept the address of the committee. It is good enough as far as it goes. Again I thank the committee—and the convention it represents.

Of course I hold no commission to speak for the great party this club so everlastingly represents. You know that our great party nominates and confirms her own leaders and endows them with the powers and privileges of sovereignty and eminent domain. Her elect can do no harm—or anybody. She resists all wrong. Her voice is heard in the councils of the nation and her power felt and acknowledged in the ranks of her votaries. She goes forth from conquering to conquer. In loyalty to her



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fortunes I yield to no man, be he leader or led one. She was my sweetheart in puberty and I tarried, not in Jericho, till my beard was grown, to serve her. I have sat at the feet of her prophets and drank in the words, and other things, of her promoters. If I have striven to honor her in the past she has honored me always. I have invariably preferred to have the office seek me. Neither have I ever coquettred with it. When it came —as it did to-night—even if it were zero weather I was ready, waiting. If “Barkis is willing,” as he mostly is, it is neither policy nor politeness to keep the messenger waiting. I always leave the latch-string out, regardless of wind and weather, and am to be found on the front step, with the best, full dress smile on my face, that I can afford. So

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much I conceive to be "Baxter's dooin's and Baxter's dooty." I don't like to say it myself, though, I'm only repeating the chorus of voices that burden the air. But I'll triumph over native modesty, for once, long enough to say in utter confidence, and not to be remooted, on your lives, that the voices in the air have been wondering for some time if I'd accept the nomination for mayor of Philadelphia—if the summons were unanimous. That depended with me on the source of the tribute. If, for instance, it came from the combined Fellowship Club, as it now has, I'd realize it meant business, and—consider the source. I'd know it was no empty form. I'd promptly resolve myself into a committee of the whole and canvass the material make up of the club. It would

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be love's labor lost, for I know its component parts as well as though I'd made them myself. Statesmen; scientists; doctors; lawyers; preachers; political leaders—whose lightest word is law—school-masters, school-directors, contractors, linguists, lecturers, professors; policemen, merchants, manufacturers, scholars—and gentlemen, all. I accept the honor, and invite the messenger into my wigwam, or to the chair I have just risen from, to warm his face territory with a perfumed, internal, liquid smile. I could do no more in courtesy. I would do no less in gratitude; coming from such a source, no man could, or would do less than accept, unanimously. I'm neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but being entirely human, myself, I know human nature when I see it,

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with the bag untied. Oh, no I don't roost high, when there's an office looking for me.

I hear it covertly hinted by envious mossbacks that Philadelphia is not destined to be the paradise for politicians it has been of late—cow milked dry, and fodder-crop exhausted. Error, erroneous error! I don't believe it. It is always the fortune of pioneers in public improvements—which must of necessity, begin underground—to be aspersed, until the future shall have shown them they have builded even better than they knew. And this reminds me of the benefit of being an honest man. I am convinced there will be an honest man next mayor of Philadelphia. I could tell you of the auspicious conjunction, of the relations existing

Accepting a Nomination for Mayor

between George Washington and the glories of Philadelphia, also of the reason why I failed to pre-empt that larger scope of territory, but I will not. If this club wants me for mayor I design to go in empty-handed, For "who would fardels bear?" If I had that pre-empted territory it would leave a door for old Satan to get at me. I know what his first suggestions would be: Why don't you have a garden? Where are you going to plant your cherry trees and plum trees? Every mayor has a garden and George Washington's stronghold on posterity was that cherry tree and his own little hatchet. But I'm resolved to say; No, Satan, no, much as I suspect your probity I won't have a garden, though I thought father Adam was remiss in duty to posterity

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wherein he eloped from the garden without an effort to take that tree along with him when ground was so dirt cheap outside. I even wonder Mother Eve didn't cling to a plum tree for keeps, and thus size up to her opportunities.

It is usual on such occasions for the candidate to take a dive, a regular header into the deep, silent pools of the past and come up with some relics to serve as inspiration—or awful example. I used to approve of that custom when I had time to prepare extempore remarks—a little touch of the classic, you know. But it has staled on me—since modern science has given the grand old father of history, Herodotus, the jolly laugh. So I am not going to harrow up the furrows of the past nor



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yet the present, but skip right over into the future. It's a big field, but I am a big man—just now. I've no doubt they had some good fellows in the past—the ones I know of are dead. As to the present, I'm willing to concede as much, though I confess I don't know 'em—only one. It is the magnificent future I'm concerned with. It is a big field, as I said, but my prophetic soul tells me I'll fill it. Before I get into the future I want to say to my constituents: You've done your duty in nominating me. You still have one little matter of duty to attend to. See that I'm elected, I'll look out for the rest. I'll take care of you. I'm aware it is a heavy contract. But you will find me equal to the occasion in the future. The future is full of promises. So am I. You'll all

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want offices. I promise you'll get 'em. If you don't see what you want ask for it. Governments were organized for the good of governors. This has always been a political axiom.

My purpose when I'm elected, and have satisfied everybody with the distribution of offices, is to inaugurate a comprehensive system of public improvements. I shall proceed to do this upon scientific principles. But, wait; let's finish one thing before we begin another. There mayn't be offices enough to go 'round for all the deserving? Oh, but, yes. I don't propose to create any new ones; for, I want part of the populace left to enjoy life in my beautified, ideal city. This is my plan: I shall ask each and every man to select just the office he wants. Then I will proceed



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to give it to him. O, but I hear the old fogy saying: "There'll be hundreds of applicants for every one office." That's what I anticipate; thousands of 'em. I'm an advocate of equal rights. Every man, outside the penitentiary—and I'm going to move that over into Jersey,—shall have his appointment regularly made out, signed and sealed with the great seal of the commonwealth, and sent direct to him by special messenger. When they're all notified, I'll issue a special message hailing every one of them to a great arena and keep 'em locked up till they've decided by unanimous consent who is to fill that office. That ends my immediate responsibility. After that it will be the "survival of the fittest." As long as two survive, the question won't be regarded as settled.

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It must be unanimous. This schedule will run through all the offices. It will take time and patience but will settle the question that all men are equal before the law. In my second term I don't anticipate much trouble in this line. I expect to see the office-seeking the man, then; and I predict the office will have to be a sprinter if it gets that man. That's what I call the ideal administration of government. Only one thing I'll regret—it will deprive Colonel McClure of a pastime that is necessary to his health.

Then I propose to beautify the city. I never took much stock in Plato's ideal city—it is not adapted to modern civilization. Nor to the pyramids of Egypt, nor Babylon's hanging gardens—not adapted again. I intend to con-

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fine all traffic vehicles to the street bed. I propose to arch over every street from building line on either side, forming a level esplanade, even with second floors, to be approached from below by a movable stairway, wide sidewalks on both sides of street will have movable pavements; on the side of the pavements next to the houses, the sidewalks shall move slowly; on the outside next the street these pavements will have a speed of seven or eight miles an hour, for people in a hurry. The middle of the street will be taken up with a gay speedway, on either side the speedway will be rapid transit, an automatic railroad, supplied with stylish chairs and carlets for the use of sightseers, invalids; anybody who can afford to pay for the luxury. There'll be revolv-



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ing flower towers at street intersections, with fountains spouting perfumed waters. There'll be statuary. I haven't decided what pose I'll take, or which pedestal I'll occupy; but I'm going to immortalize Rudolph Blankenburg as Hercules, club and all, killing off fraud. There won't be a fire in any house in all the city. They'll be lighted by electricity, and heated by steam supplied from public plants for public purposes, as well as for all domestic uses. There'll be no cooks in the house. Every dwelling will be connected by automatic railway with some centrally located caravansary. All the housewife'll have to do will be to ring up the purveyor, call out her order and, there you are. Drainage will be through

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great pneumatic tubes flushed with live steam once a day.

These are a few of the salient features; but there are others too tedious to enumerate. I promise to make this an ideal city. I mayn't be able to accomplish quite all in one term. In that case it will be for the office to seek me again. It looks like a big proposition. So it does, if you don't know how to go about it. My promise to satisfy every voter with the office of his choice looked huge till I explained the process. I don't intend to explain any farther lest some other fellow should fancy himself able to do what I propose.

Let the convention see to my election. I'll attend the other details myself.





THE RAILROAD MAN

*At a Dinner given at Corkerhill Pa. by Frank
Thompson, Esq. of the Pennsylvania Railroad*



THE RAILROAD MAN.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I heard the bell ring; but I'm afraid I'm not all aboard. My seat ticket seemed to be O. K.; yet I do not feel that I'm in right. I do not rise either steadily or happily. Am I on the right track? However, the lot of the railroad man seems to me to be a happy one. I don't know of an existence so utterly, nonchalantly *sans souci* as that of the railroad man, unless it be that of the journalist—the newspaper man. All the railroader has to do, from the average view-point, is to eat and drink, moderately, of course, and go careering over the world at the rate of a mile a minute in flying palaces—his very own

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palaces, too, for time and experience have brushed away, as relics of barbarism, the old superstition that stockholders have some voice in railroad direction. It seems strange that such an idea could ever have obtained, and, to the credit of human intelligence be it proudly said, it had a brief life, indeed. Oh, yes, a railroad man is monarch of all he surveys—and what he doesn't survey and pre-empt isn't worth the taxes. His trains start on time, stop on time, run on time. The sun may be late, the moon tardy, the earth slow, but the railroad is always on time. Everything about a railroad is on time, except fares and freights, and they are spot cash and mostly in advance and good for this day and train only. All the railroad man has to do is to walk into his

The Railroad Man

office, hang up his hat and entertain his friends. Everything takes care of itself, even to the dividends of the stock-holders. Next to him, but a long way off, in point of ease, affluence and boundless empire, comes the newspaper man. All he has to do is to sit in his office and look pretty. Accidents happen the world over—rarely on railroads—for him to publish. Men are killed—rarely on railroads—for him to publish. People work hard—never on railroads—to distinguish themselves, just so he can publish it. Police stations and telegraph companies collect the news for him to publish. All he has to do is to sit still and look about him for somebody or something to knock, for the paper is his, and he can do as he pleases without fear of government supervi-

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sion. Somebody turns on the steam, the presses revolve, the paper is printed, the people buy it, and there he is—with nothing to do.

The life of the railroad man is easy, too easy; but the real newspaper man—the man who doesn't run a journal for his own personal aggrandizement, but for the general good—must, of necessity, be a master. Any one of them will tell you that, and show you the why, if not the wherefore. It is absolutely necessary that he shall know the whole catalogue of ologies to so great a degree that they are playthings for him. He must have dived deep into every osophy, and come up so strong as to be familiar, to the verge of contempt, with their deepest sea soundings. He must be a Doctor of Laws, Bachelor of Arts, am-

The Railroad Man

ateur in anatomy, chemistry and *materia medica*. He must be *au fait* on horses and know dogs, pigs and pugilists. He should be at home in all the languages, dead and living, not excepting the language of flowers and the monkey tribes. He should know every distinguished man and woman in the whole, wide world. He should have exchanged courtesies and confidences with kings and princes, hobnobbed with the Kaiser, rode with the Khedive, talked married life with the Sultan, danced with the Great Tycoon, matched pennies with the Czar of Russia, and gravely discussed table etiquette with the king of the Cannibal Islands. As to residents, such as Presidents, Senators, Congressmen, Governors, and other small fry, they should be pawns that he plays with.

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He must have been everywhere, know everything and everybody, and be able to outdo every man living telling what he knows. He must be an orator, ready for every emergency. He must tell the age of the world by the ridges around the North Pole. He must elucidate perpetual motion; solve the problem of squaring the circle; tell where all the pins go to; what becomes of the light when the lamp goes out; what the wild waves are saying; and how many blue beans it takes to make five. In short, if there is anything he doesn't know, he must know he doesn't know it. But for all his vast knowledge he isn't nearly so much of a Cæsar—you can spell it with an S if you like—as the railroad man. The railroad man gives out free passes. At

The Railroad Man

least, that is the tradition, and the newspaper man must go to him for 'em. That's where the railroad Cæsar has the bulge on the newspaper man. Still they are both happy lots, and as nearly *sans soucci*—in popular belief—as mortals ever attain to. I can't think of a more apt or fitting manifestation of generosity than that displayed by our host to-night. The railroad man who, like Atlas, has to hold the world upon his shoulders twenty-four hours in the day and 365 days in the year, except leap year, when he has 366 days of such sweating labor, has yet found time for a good and worthy charity. He has said to himself, I have been a guest of quite a number of individuals and clubs on different occasions, and they've entertained me to the top of their bent with all sorts of

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American dishes, under French names; with punch and champagne and fruit and nuts—not excepting chestnuts. Some of them are poor men—even poorer than I was. They are modest men; they won't publish their deeds of generosity, their witty sayings and jolly songs in their own papers, and really there are no other papers in the land except theirs to publish them in. The railroads are too poor to give them passes in these degenerate days, so they have to walk—or pay for riding, which, in their manly independence and for other reasons, they are averse to doing. Why the railroads were too poor even to antagonize the creation of an Interstate Commission and are compelled to submit to its tyranny, although the government does pay the freight of it. So



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I'll give them a square meal at my expense, and they shall not be compelled to tire themselves out with walking a hundred miles to it. I'll give them plenty of fresh air beside, and it won't cost them a cent. I'd give them all free passes, if I dared, but the Interstate Commission won't permit that—and I am a law-abiding citizen. The Interstate Commission doesn't, it is true, preclude us from giving passes to Councilmen and Legislators and Congressmen, on the d. q, but we don't care for them. So, as I can do no better, I'll give these poor, struggling men a big feed. All intellectual men appreciate big feeds at other people's expense. The gullet is the great union depot from which all trains start to the mind and

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heart. I am sure he said all that for I knew the man.

Now, I am in condition to testify not only to the good intentions of mine host, but to the happy effect of those good intentions. The walk here has done me good; the air has been plentiful and invigorating. And the steaming, streaming trains he has started down my gullet have reached their destination. My heart is warmed and my mind stimulated. If it were necessary—and in my sudden valor I find myself wishing it were—I could even carry, Atlas-like, a world upon my shoulders, I feel so strong and brave and so Barkis-like—willin'. Of course, it would be a thankless load; but somebody must do it. Don't our host do it uncomplainingly,

The Railroad Man

cheerfully? A load indeed. And such a load. The world, the earth.

I know a good many who want the earth, and some of them manage to secure great slices of it; but they don't know how to keep it. It slips away from them. Railroad men are shrewder. They bind their possessions with ties. They actually and literally belt the throbbing waist of earth with glittering girdles of steel. Don't mistake the orthography, please. In their modesty they call themselves public servants when they are really public masters. Being property-holders and tax-payers, they have the right to representation in Councils, Legislatures, Congress; and, owning the earth, their representation is naturally a large one. But they are so modest and courteous



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with it that we can sympathize with them in their regret that the earth is such a small field for the display of their acquisitive enterprise. And yet these gods can pause long enough after they have gotten the earth securely belted and tied down; stop long enough to consider the claims of mere human generosity. But while they pause for an hour their work goes on. New station yards are dotted with a new constellation of many-colored and sentient stars that glimmer and glow and scintillate, commanding one train to go, another to come; one to take this track, another that; their trains go screaming, flying, thundering through space, eating up the milestones; making trees, telegraph poles and fence rows waltz and pirouette in wild, fantastic figures; joining the



The Railroad Man

hands of friends to-day who yesterday were a thousand miles apart. Ah, they're great gods, and we poor, humble men are proud to be the friends of the greatest of them all, even if we had to walk to get here.



OPPORTUNITY

At a Dinner in the Hotel Majestic Philadelphia





OPPORTUNITY

MR. TOASTMASTER:

When in the course of human events a man reaches, and just barely passes, the half century milestone, it is time for him to sit up and take notice. If he is ever going to be a man, the hour has struck. All his life he has been taking counsel of the sages. Now he is, more or less reluctantly, one of them.

Having been forced into the position, I accept the responsibility. So, now: **Another Daniel come to judgment.**

Whatever is, is right. The world we live in is a good world. It is just what it was intended to be; what it always has been, always will be. It is a practical, rational world. **It is a world**



Opportunity

I hold, and present these truths as self-evident: Any man—I was going to say of either sex—who disclaims selfish motives; poses as a disinterested philanthropist, is a fool and a knave—an unctuous, sniveling, bloated hypocrite—a whitened sepulchre, full of men's dead hopes and aspirations. It should not need reflection to convince that I am stating existing, plain conditions in plain, self-evident terms.

Now, the fifty years that have brought experience and observation should also have brought more or less wisdom.

I have heard of successful men who made their own opportunities. Don't be deceived. There is no clause in the Dingley tariff schedule protecting such

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domestic industry. Opportunity is prompt, prim, imperious.

It comes to every one—I don't mean each. If you embrace it, it is yours truly. If not, it doesn't have to wait for takers. If you do accept it, that does not end, merely begins, the matter. But, having been embraced, it sits serenely expectant while you work.

For example, opportunity came to Cyrus with the treason of the Magi, to Hannibal with the commercial incursion of Rome; to Leonidas, and his four hundred dauntless Spartans, with the treachery of a slave. To Alexander with the imbecility of Asia; to Cæsar with the moral and political corruption of Republican Rome; to William of Orange with the tyranny of Philip II and the inhuman butchery of the Duke of

Opportunity

Alva. To Henry of Navarre with the unfitness of the De Medici. To Frederick II with the exhaustion of Austria; to Napoleon, readiest of all to embrace it, at Toulon, the Barricades, Montonette. To George Washington with the tyranny of George Third; to Andrew Jackson at New Orleans; to Abraham Lincoln in the backwoods of Illinois; to Ulysses S. Grant with the slave traders' rebellion; to George Dewey at the Manila harbor. The opportunity—it was not much of a one, but he made the most of it—came to Theodore Roosevelt at San Juan Hill.

Opportunity came to Benjamin Franklin when necessity and chance drifted him to Philadelphia; to Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution, when necessity demanded the unselfish

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devotion of a patriot; to Stephen Girard when he immigrated to America.

These few among many other illustrious examples are known. How many others, not so illustrious, have occurred all down the years in humbler ranks and conditions of men can be imagined. What I have cited abundantly sustains my case, and I rest it here.

All this appeals to our selfish, fighting instincts; that pugnacity, sharpened and scienced, man shares with animal nature; and which is necessary to success in any avocation, professional or commercial. But, thank God, there is another opportunity that is always present with us, that flushes the rose upon the top of its thorny stalk, and sanctifies the results of selfish purpose and effort. That ever present Oppor-

Opportunity

tunity is human sympathy, human fellowship, brotherly love. Without this, Opportunity, which even the barbarians and savage tribes know and avail of, life would, indeed, be vain, empty, barren and not worth the living. Without this, the successes and gains of our merely worldly conflicts would be as base coin, without value in any mart.

If there were a churl; a denaturalized base-born anomaly within sound of my voice whose tones wouldn't tremble, as he recounted a brother's calamity; whose eyes wouldn't film with the unbidden, irrepressible tear at the silent, stoical endurance of human agony, I would denounce him, in the name of manhood, of common humanity; ban him and brand his forehead and turn him adrift to be lashed throughout the

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world he belies with whips of scorn and loathing. As, thank God, no such monstrosity is present, I'll even freight the winged winds with the message, knowing you will speed it with your hearty "Amen." As I grow older in years, I feel myself growing younger in heart. The ideals of boyhood, revised and chastened, return to me. I know, because I have tested it, not once, but often, that I can trust and not be betrayed; be trusted and not deceive. As in boyhood, like gravitates to like and clings to what is proved; so in later years matured manhood gathers about itself a true and trusted circle that is, to it, a thing of life apart, sanctified by its uses.

Of all life's Opportunities, I hail this one as the most precious. It



Opportunity

plants new spring clover on the sunken graves of my enemies and sprinkles the turf thereon with the ashes of oblivion. It surrounds my pillow with the memories of the faithful who are not here, but have gone hence; for the final Opportunity came to them all too soon and was insistent. It propels me forward into the mysterious wonderland and impresses me with the wonder if the best, truest, most faithful love of this life, at its ending here, isn't a qualification for the eternal Opportunity—the truer, tenderer, more faithful love that has no foil.





HOTEL KEEPERS

*At a Dinner of Hotel Men in Horticultural
Hall Philadelphia*



HOTEL KEEPERS.

MR. TOASTMASTER:

Although naturally a man of a retiring disposition, I have a large reserve fund of quiet self-confidence, and moral courage, that I can usually fall back upon in emergencies. You'd hardly believe I was so modest, but that is because you don't know the desperate, inward struggle it costs me to appear calm when I eat or drink in public. I had fondly thought I possessed a sufficient reserve of self-esteem and moral heroism to see me through any crisis, and heretofore I have never had cause to change that belief. I find, too late, I calculatd without mine host.

I have eaten and drunken with Pres-

Some After Dinner Speeches

idents and Senators—and authors and actors of both sexes—and never, so far, felt myself in a really hopeless minority. I have gobbled the same gobblers with big political bosses; I have eaten my beef before statesmen; I have sopped my bread in the same souse with editors; I have clinked glasses with hoary-fronted warriors, and never felt my own inferiority before, because I have never dined with that elect class of superior manhood that alone knows how to keep a hotel.

The man who knows how to keep a hotel is born that way. He is born with a mission, and he never misses it. He is a *rara avis*—and by that I do not mean an underdone bird. A man may have sense enough to be President of this country—although it does not re-

Hotel Keepers

quire much, and some candidates are not even up to that standard—but he can't keep a hotel. He may be able to corner stocks, run railroads, legislate, judge, plead law, even sit in City Councils, but can't keep a hotel.

Indeed, in all the history of this country I do not recall a single hotel keeper who has been a candidate for President of these United States. I have occasionally seen them in City Councils, and some occasionally in State Legislatures, but they didn't seem to be at home there—the place was too demnition small, and they hurt their paunches crowding into it. Their great abilities went to waste in legislative halls. They shine to better advantage at the little feeds that alone render solonic life tolerable to great minds and

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capacious gullets; and I have known some who had a proper appreciation of the peculiar abilities of the lobbyist.

They are the only class of great men who are self-ostracised from holding big public offices. True, there have lately arisen a class of editors who cannot afford to accept any office, even the presidency—and I am one of them, although candor compels me to say I have never been abundantly asked by those having the ability to give. Candor also compels the admission that, however great the editor may be in his own sphere, if he is a candid man, he must, as he strains his gaze up to the one dizzy height above him, sighingly admit there is one thing I cannot do—I can't keep a hotel.

It is in the presence of this gifted



Hotel Keepers

and taking class of men that I blush and stammer to-night. Is it any wonder I have sat here, in the very blind-staggers of silence, in the company of these rare birds? But I have not been idle. I have given much study to that page of nature which is read by the expert only in a human face. I have been paralyzing my feeble powers of analytical comparison trying to ascertain wherein lies the peculiar talent, or rather genius, that makes the successful hotel keeper. I think I have seen as generous a display of cheek territory in other walks of life; I have been taking a mental inventory of the phrenological development of the great heads around me, and I reluctantly conclude the peculiar greatness isn't in the head. It may be in any one of a score of other faculties

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and I'd not find it out without a post-mortem examination; and unselfish and self-sacrificing as hotel keepers are I don't believe that for the sake of science more than six out of every possible ten would volunteer to give up their bodies for dissection. I never heard of a hotel keeper being dissected—though, come to think, I don't remember ever hearing of one dying. If I am ever fortunate enough to be at such a post-mortem, I shall scrutinize the vertebræ and—yes, the gall, too.

There are some traits of hotel management, arguing *a posteriori*, of great heads with which we are all lamentably familiar. For instance, who but a hotel keeper is able to find, for the great dish that figures on his æsthetic bill of fare as chicken fricassee a-la-something

Hotel Keepers

or other, so many fowls without breast or second joint, and with all the evidence of careful dissection visible all through the other parts? I have often thought that knowing how to keep a hotel embraced this ability to corner all such breastless, second-jointless fowls for fricasseeing. Certainly all the chickens I have seen outside of a hotel fricassee had breast bones, second joints and side cuts. But I don't know how to run a hotel, and that accounts for it. Then there is the knowledge of getting up a veal pot-pie so that no fellow could ever find the veal with a magnifying glass. Then there is the terrapin and those releves at which we all look askance, early and often. Now, any fellow who didn't know how to keep a hotel, simply had enough of knowledge

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to run a boarding house, would call them hash and blast them and his reputation forever.

Again, the man who knows how to keep a hotel must read, at a glance, the condition of lady applicants for rooms without asking for marriage certificates; and he must be able to read their wants and attend to their peculiar ones in person. Of course these are not all of his claims to peculiar greatness, either mental, moral or *et al.* And so when I contemplate the great subject, in the midst of this great company, I find myself staggered into silence again in the shadow of so many men who know how to run hotels.

It has never been my good fortune to meet so many hotel keepers together before. I've known of felloys who

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shrank and skulked rather than face one at a time. I fancy there was a reason for it which does not obtain here—and that's what renders a mere layman bold in the awful presence of autocrats who've made so many poor devils tremble at the length of their bills. I've been speculating upon the why and wherefore of so many hotel keepers selecting Philadelphia for a gastronomical rendezvous, and traveling from all over the land to get a square meal. I've about decided it was the fame of the Philadelphia chicken—and no less an authority than this city's greatest lawyer, Mr. A. S. L. Shields, tells me: "It is old enough when it is big enough." And a fowl's age cannot wither. It is never too old to get into the soup. I cannot conceive of you jolly bonifaces

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coming so far in search of professional information, because it is the hotel keepers' business to know everything and everybody, not only to know everything and everybody, but to know it better than anybody else. I am not rash enough to suppose any hotel keeper would travel for information about how to run a hotel; but if there is anything to learn in the profession this is the place to come to. We already have a schoolmaster abroad in the art. He located in New York City to show the landlords of the world how to keep a hotel. His name is George C. Boldt. You were wise in coming to the city where this famous hotel keeper served his apprenticeship and opened the eyes of the lovers of good cheer to his genius. It is true that those of us who lived

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under him and watched his improvement had to suffer some in sampling his experiments, but we have pulled through it all, and now stand ready to point to him with pride, and ask the rest of you to emulate his example. Personally, Mr. Toastmaster, I am opposed to the banquet system, because it is not a true charity. You, like the others who give big feeds, have not been discriminating enough. You haven't fetched the really hungry. Your association has invited the hotel keepers of the United States and Canada to a banquet when there are hungry lawyers who work for a contingent fee that doesn't always conting; hungry politicians who work for nothing—and sometimes get it; hungry contractors who work for nothing and divvy on

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their contracts; hungry editors who work to destroy people and property—and sometimes strike a boomerang; hungry merchants who sell their goods below cost and pay for the advertising; yet, in spite of all this, you invite these hotel keepers, whose lives are spent in feeding the hungry, to a banquet. As I grasp it, however, this symposium was given to force your guests to eat and drink something that they might have an appreciation of what the people have so patiently borne these many years. Some soulless cuss may ask why do not the hosts of to-night enjoy this banquet, eat hearty of the fodder that has been spread. That's where the host has the better of the guest. There is one thing only that I can endorse for the hotel keeper, and that is

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his modesty. All who have been his guests have been consumed with astonishment on receiving their bills at the office. They have been paralyzed with wonder to find that a luscious frog that must have cost all of four cents in the open market could make the circuit of the entire culinary department and come smilingly up on the bill with only the meagre addition of a dollar-twenty-one to the first cost and so on down the menu.

Yet, how the weary have rested under the soothing care of our bonifaces! How the hungry have been fed, the thirsty moistened, the dull cheered by them! There is one thing, however, connected with our bonifaces that has always puzzled me; and that is how he can provide a dinner for a hundred

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guests, and if fifty more come than expected he will have enough for all of them, while, on the other hand, if fifty happened to be absent without notice, there is no waste. And that proves to me that the hotel keeper is a special creation. More than Dean Swift's man, who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is our hotel man who makes two smiles to bloom on the face of his guest where scarce one could cover the territory erstwhile, a public benefactor. He throws the very air of home about the weary traveler—with no wife to scold and fret him—until he fondly fancies he's in Paradise and looks for the pearly gates, and golden streets, and—well, he never wakes until he sees the landlord's bill at the end of it; but that



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is generally presented with an air of polite apology, because it is so small.

Altogether I like our landlords. They're so entirely human that they freshen up a fellow by mere contact. I'd like to meet them this way often, enjoying their smiles, liquid and solid, with no fearful looking for consequences.



AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS

*Upon being elected Vice-President of the
Clover Club at a dinner of the Club in the Hotel
Bellevue Philadelphia*



AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS

MR. CHAIRMAN:

In assuming the onerous and responsible duties of the office to which your flattering preferences have called me, it behooves me, in accordance with the time-honored custom, which in this case has been more honored in the breach than the observance, to open the session with an inaugural address.

After having congratulated the membership upon its happy choice in the matter of our vice-presidency, felicitating with it on the abundant safety and prosperity assured to it by the able efforts of the vice-president, it will be in order to note in brief turn the many blessings vouchsafed to us, and offer

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some wise suggestions for their improvement.

Owing to the impetus given to grape culture, and the liberal encouragement of this club, I am glad to say the grape crop is auspiciously abundant. It is with proud confidence that I promise within the next six years an abundant supply from the crop of the present year, and bearing labels and seals of the choicest foreign vintners. I shall use the power and prerogatives of my high office to further promote this most gratifying state of things, which only could exist in this free country, and find its most liberal patronage in this club. Likewise the corn and rye crops promise abundantly in quantity and quality, and I can safely promise by, and before, Christmas that those of my constitu-



An Inaugural Address

ents, whose morals are unfortunately so perverted, shall have ample supplies of twenty-five-years-old corn and rye juice distilled from this year's crops and properly labeled, all of which are owing to the Clover Club and its able, honest officers. I would urge that the government should not levy duties on this class of goods, and that the profits all go to the home producers and dealers. If this is already the case, I would recommend that this club should not in any way interfere with the wise arrangement. The lemon crop, owing to the wise policy of home protection adhered to by the present national administration, is both large and excellent, and notwithstanding the drouth of the previous season, the hot water crop will

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be ample for the demands for both punch and soups.

It has come to my attention that since the adjournment of this club a serious financial stagnation has come upon the country. Indeed, it had already begun to manifest itself under the reign of my predecessor in office. It is the imperative duty of the club to remedy this state of affairs. According to such high authority, as the worthy President of this club, it is occasioned by the withdrawal of currency from circulation by individual members of society, and that withdrawal is, indirectly, lack of confidence. I would therefore call upon each and every member of this club to hasten the restoration of confidence, by restoring the currency he hoards to the channels of circulation. That's it in



An Inaugural Address

a nutshell, and I see in your eyes that you only need to be told your duty to assure the result. I hasten, therefore, to assure the country of a return to prosperity before the next annual meeting of this club. I am convinced there is currency enough in the pockets of members of this club to swell the channels of circulation to high-tide mark. I would suggest that mere transfer of currency from your own pockets to the stockings—of—well, perhaps I ought not to expose you—will not help either confidence or currency in so far as the public is concerned. If there were any necessity for the suggestion I would also warn you to abstain from transferring your currency to the cash tills of stock brokers and dealers on margins. It shall be my aim to set a high example



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of morality, integrity and self-denial to the club which I hope you will all endeavor to approximate if you never attain to it.

Formally I congratulate the club upon having secured the services of so able and worthy a vice-president. It is not necessary for him to make any pledges, and he will content himself with the fewest and briefest. His past must stand sponsor for his future. He has been an office-holder from his youth up—and always, as in the present instance, most abundantly, if not apparently, involuntarily. He has never shirked duty nor parleyed with manifest destiny. When offices have sought him, he has sacrificed himself to public good. His record will show that he has never declined office but once, and that



An Inaugural Address

was for the benefit of the Gas Trust ring—in 1879-80—when the other fellow secured more delegates; likewise that he never resigned an office but once, and then because Philadelphia, Pa., needed him more than Boise City, Idaho, and he yielded to the call of duty—and home. He points with pride to the fact that offices were always secure in his hands—and everything else that in the line of duty got into the hands aforesaid. Likewise—and this is eminently to his credit, though only to be expected of him—he always left the offices there, when he retired from them, even more reluctantly than he entered them. With such a record it is no wonder you sought him out and elected him to this responsible office, which he voluntarily, and most unnecessarily,

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pledges himself to fill as full as he can—though he cannot hope to fill the office as full and frequently as some of our members fill themselves.

In this inaugural address I want to enter my respectful but earnest protest against the disorderly actions of a very few members of this club. I refer to the frequent and most irreverent interruptions of speakers. It is not the first time this has occurred. It is the second, I think, and it ought to be checked before it becomes a habit, and a very reprehensible habit, too. Such habits grow alarmingly. I venture to say if we don't check members in this flagrant breach of decorum, not to say courtesy, that in a few years more it will become notorious—so much so that a guest coming here would look

An Inaugural Address

for it as part of the menu. I am aware that only a very few members have indulged in this irreverent style of declamation; but, as I say, if they are not promptly and publicly rebuked or dismissed, or both, the habit will grow and spread.

Now, the habit is foolish, discourteous, inhospitable and subversive of good order. The object of the club is mutual improvement. We hold these meetings to swap speeches. We are a coterie of intellectual pabulum. We like long, solid speeches; but we are not going to get them if this system of interruption goes on. Guests will not prepare long, solid speeches if they are not to be allowed to deliver them. Long speeches are difficult to prepare. Life is too short to spend time preparing

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them if there is no guarantee against interruption. If a few of the empty heads of this club think they know it all, and, irreverently, insist on interrupting speakers, whose words of wisdom are precious beyond price, I want right here to denounce them as pestilent fellows who should be expelled from the club; and I will entertain a motion to expel the first one so offending. Beside, guests don't come here to eat and drink —they can eat and drink anywhere. They don't come here to listen to speeches—they can hear them anywhere. They come here to speak and be listened to—something they can do nowhere else. It's true we can get guests *ad infinitum* to come here to eat and drink, but such guests wouldn't grace this quadrifoliate table; still, if



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we don't stop irreverent interruptions, I predict we'll soon have no long, solid speeches made here.

I am thus bold in this denunciation because I know that I don't stand alone in my opinion of this disorder and its ultimate effects. I have the best membership with me, and the very next irreverent interrupter will learn to his cost who and how many of them there are.

There, I already see the effects of my words. We shall not be compelled to administer severe measures. I congratulate myself on taking the matter in its incipiency, as it were. Now I will call on Willie Nye—the papers call him “ Bill ”—for a speech, and you will kindly notice the attention he attracts and holds—through me.



GENERAL HENRY H. BINGHAM

*At a Complimentary Dinner to the Hon. Henry
H. Bingham Father of the National House of
Representatives in the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford
Philadelphia*



GENERAL HENRY H. BINGHAM

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I am grateful for the privilege, proud of the honor of being permitted to join in a complimentary banquet to a man who has not ridden on the triumphal chariot of Republicanism, but who, for a third of a century, has pulled sturdily and steadfastly in its harness, and never once balked, sulked nor kicked in the traces; a man whose name even the illustrious party he has so zealously and ably served, and thereby served the best interests of humanity, cannot add lustre unto. I need neither recount his history nor detail his splendid career. The nation knows them by heart. Old men are glad to grasp his always ready

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hand; young men seek and profit by his counsel. His course has been steady and constant. He has resembled rather the fixed star than the dazzling flight of the meteor across the political firmament. He has held his place in the esteem and affections of the people by his sturdy elements of character, good sound sense and untiring devotion to duty. To such performance of duty, by General Henry H. Bingham, whom you all know, honor and love, do we all owe the privilege of meeting him here on this magnificent occasion, to sprinkle the fadeless chaplet of bays with which city, state, nation and the world at large have circled his brow—that tardy death will halo in immortality. I could well stop here, for the story is told, and fain, even, were I, that grateful silence



General Henry H. Bingham

might be your orator. You know him, I know him; the city, state and nation know him; Henry H. Bingham, soldier, statesman, patriot ripe in years, in wisdom and in deeds. I can add nothing to his fame, and, thank God, even envy can never detract one word, distort one deed; nor can the poisonous breath of partisan rancor wither one precious leaf in the chaplet of immortal bays which so fittingly circles the reverend brow of Father Bingham, of the National House of Representatives. He has always been right because he always accepted the doctrines of his party as the only shibboleth of political salvation. To him the creed of the party has been as sacred and infallible as the Koran to the Mussulman. As the Moslem, at sunset hour, turns his face to the

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East and murmurs: "Allah il Allah! There is but one God and Mahomet is his prophet," so he turns to the shrine of universal freedom and declares: "There is but one party, and progress is its prophet." In the darkest hours of the party's history his sublime faith in its purity, its mission and its ultimate glorious triumph has never wavered.

When it has been temporarily obscured by the mists of prejudice, the disaffection of the unthinking; at the pernicious behest of demagogues; by the clouds of disloyalty, ignorance and superstition his clear eye has been able to penetrate the mists, pierce the clouds and behold the sun still there, while his stout heart has beaten in rhythmic time to the refrain—not wait—but: work till the clouds roll by. General



General Henry H. Bingham

Bingham has been honored by his party because he has wisely and ably served and honored that party by the single-hearted devotion of his whole life; because he has been wise in counsel, brave in contests, prompt in action, loyal in devotion and honest in purpose to the great creed and predestined mission of that party. It is because guided by the creed of that party he has never made a mistake in any public or party measure. It is because there has never been for him but one road to follow, and that road plainly indicated by the chart of his party. Whether that road led, as it sometimes did, through the marshes and morasses of defeat, laving the very lips of its sturdy adherents with the bitter waters of humiliation, his step never faltered, his courage never

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quailed, his cheerful voice was heard, infectious with hope and courage, now urging forward the brave, now encouraging the timid; or whether that road led, as it mostly has done, over the hilltops of successful effort, to the bright plains of distinctive triumph his has been among the hardy hands to bear aloft the stars and stripes of his country into the flashing sunlight of Pisgah's glorious summit. When the history of the Republican party of Pennsylvania comes to be written his name will be found upon its brightest pages. He has had a voice amongst its counselors almost from its inception, a seat amongst its lawmakers for more than a generation. Other men, perhaps more ambitious and selfish, have risen more rapidly above the horizon and forced



General Henry H. Bingham

their giddy flight zenithward only to pale and fade and fall, while his course has ever been straight and direct and determined. All his glory is in the glory of his party's history; all his pride in its achievements; and his prophetic inspiration sees its star brilliant, steady and ascendant over the wrecks of time, passion and prejudice illumining the world of universal freedom. Mr. Chairman, the public owns him, but in a dearer sense he is all our own. In his social life amongst his friends he is theirs in free title, and he is gladly theirs. I feel to-night that only we really know him. The world knows his greatness which men admire and applaud; we know those qualities which men love. It is here that Cæsar doffs his armor, here Alexander lays aside his

Some After Dinner Speeches

ambitions; here Nestor smoothes thought's wrinkled brow. With us his serious face relaxes and dimples with smiles; his voice mellows with glee; his strong nature overflows with love and fellowship. The State and country may hold their share of General Bingham's fame, but ours is the inestimably richer claim—and while we live we shall ever love and cherish him for his brotherliness, his gentleness, his loyalty and his sterling manhood.



THE ELKS

At a Dinner given by the Elks to the Committee in charge of the successful occasion of 1907 in the Hotel Majestic Philadelphia



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THE ELKS

MR. CHAIRMAN:

Everything has been most delightful here—indeed, everything has gone along with such rhythmic smoothness that the birds in yonder cages are syllabbling your guests names. I feel I should be recreant to the promptings of opportunity did I fail to appreciate and acknowledge the honor you, Mr. Chairman, have conferred on me in calling me out before this splendid aggregation from among so many men of wider repute and better qualifications; men who are, as I am not, in present membership of the good and great organization of Elks. It is not a matter of important history, but it is a fact that I was among

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the earliest members of this Order of Elks in Philadelphia. That was in the early 70's. It was at that time composed largely of minstrels and actors. I recall Bob Fraser, the pantomimist; George Clarke, a sterling actor; Frank Moran and John Carncross, minstrels; and then there were Joseph Jackson, of the *Ledger Job Print*; Jones, of the hotel adjoining the Arch Street Theatre, and so on. Unfortunately for my connection with the order, I got busy about that time, and along in the early 80's President Arthur drafted me into the service of the country to go out into Idaho, then a territory, now a flourishing state. The appointment carried with it the duty of exterminating Mormonism. History will recite how I succeeded in stamping out that gross



The Elks

evil in Idaho, compelling even the Elders of Brigham Young in Utah to sit up and take notice. While I didn't regard myself as an agent of Divine Providence foreordained to murder, slay and kill, like Oliver Cromwell, yet I was obstinately opposed to one man having more than one wife and family to cherish—I mean, of course, publicly. Hence I stamped and stamped and the evil squirmed and squealed. I rid Idaho of it to some extent, but fate and Grover Cleveland, who succeeded Mr. Arthur, were against me. I resigned, and came home to find my personal affairs needed all my care for awhile. Since then I've been kept busy, early and late, making Philadelphia The City Beautiful—and dodging the mayoralty chair. That is my short justification for letting my

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membership lie fallow for so long, that the order has grown so great I feel I could not size up to it now Yet I can endorse and applaud it. I can sympathize in its almost holy mission—but we are especially interested to-night in sizing up to the immediate occasion—to manifest appreciation of the great work recently performed by the man whom this company delights to honor, Mr. Chester Ray, late Chairman of the Executive Committee. Mr. Ray, under whom the name of Philadelphia was placed at the head of the banner list of progressive American, ahead-of-date-metropolii—orderly, rapid, hospitable and cosmopolitan. Mr. Ray and his associates have done more than blot out the old slowness slur. They have proved to be the agents of Providence

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to advance Philadelphia to her new record, and compel every other great metropolis to sink envy and join in the applause and recognition. It was a happy, not to say fortuitous, combination of the right men in the right place, but I cannot paint the lily, nor can I glorify these men. They have glorified themselves. The lustre of their coronet of glory reflects on the B. P. O. E. and irradiates the metropolis of Philadelphia. Philadelphia no longer the sleepy, bobtail car town; no longer the corrupt and contented. Her motto is now: Upward and Onward, and her watchword is: Excelsior. Philadelphia felicitates herself that her supreme opportunity came in conjunction with the gathering of the Elks in July, and supremely she availed of it to the very

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extreme, because the right man was on the job; the right man in the right place at the right time. Shall I name the man? He is kind, gentle, even keenly sensitive in matters personal to himself, but to the behest of public duty his hide is impervious as the crocodile's. I do not need to name him, for already his name is thrilling upon impatient tongues. Restrain them an instant, yield to me the gratification and honor to gratefully utter the name of the mayor of rejuvenated Philadelphia, John E. Reyburn.

I am rejoiced to praise the greatest of all philanthropies in scope, in promise, in purpose and attainment of voluntary, unselfish devotion to brotherhood in its widest, purest form and

The Elks

spirit—The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. We, of Philadelphia, City of Brotherly Love, City of Churches, of secret, oath-bound orders, of good, sympathetic men and women, whose lives and deeds, and works of real charity are known to few, have crying need of that sweetest of spontaneous charities whose mission is a vital and vitalizing motive of the B. P. O. E., who, instead of preaching, feed; instead of prayer, nourish; instead of gloom, bring cheer and sunshine.

The philanthropy of the Elks is a rational, natural brotherhood where self is immolated upon the common order of all for each and each for all. The world knows it by rote, and the greatest cities in America are bidding for the honor

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of entertaining the order because they are proud of its membership and the objects of the association.



THE MAN ON THE JOB

At a Dinner in the Hotel Majestic Philadelphia



THE MAN ON THE JOB

MR. TOASTMASTER:

The trouble is with a man who semi-occasionally does get off a little speechlet, when his head is above normal size and heat, that he is expected to be loaded for b'ar on any and all occasions —to have a locker full of wit, wisdom and persiflage ready-made for instant use. Now, I like to listen to good talking, when somebody else is doing it, and as I see around this board men who are always on tap, who go equipped with extempore speeches, on any and all subjects, I shall be brief, indeed, on this job.

In this great, big country there's always a job. By a more or less provi-

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dential coincidence there's always a man onto it. To be sure, it often seems, by his ubiquity, that it's the same man. What odds—so he fits it?

He does fit it. He's his own voucher for that. He's right-handed, left-handed, single-handed, double-handed. There's nothing he doesn't know, nothing he can't do. He has two eyes that can see anything that is; and numerous other eyes that see what isn't, never was, nor ever will be.

His one tongue is equal to any and all occasions. He's an oracle—the oracle. He's never weary. No wonder. Inflated with vanity several million times lighter than air, he doesn't need a transfer when he pays his fare, because it's a pleasure to him to walk on his job.

He doesn't guess at anything—knows



The Man on the Job

it dead sure. He has one unfailing standard that he measures and compares men by. It is infallible—himself. When other men coincide with him, they're right—he tolerates them. When they don't, he pities them, scornfully.

His one consuming regret is that he wasn't born early enough. Adam wasn't the right man on the job in the orchard of Eden. The job was too big for him and too previous. That's evident—for see! It wasn't cribbing and eating the apple that disqualified him for the job. It wasn't denying it. It was squealing on himself and Mrs. Adam. He could have set up an unanswerable alibi for that apple and proved it by Eve. On the other hand, there was no proof available—for Eve was his wife—

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common law wife, of course; but she wasn't a competent witness.

Adam didn't know that. No lawyer in Eden then. Alas, too true; but that is merely further proof, if proof were needed, that Adam wasn't the right man on the job. Unfortunate, but true.

I'm justified in asserting that Eden was the first example of the City Beautiful, and that it failed as an experiment for want of a competent man on the job. There's no record of any great enterprise since then failing because of that lack—if they did fail; it was obviously because of too many men on the same job. You see, when any one man knows a thing, and knows it right, there's no room for any other man. Two bodies can't occupy the same space

The Man on the Job

at the same time when one body fills it to jamfulness.

There's a story. It is an oriental story. But that doesn't matter. It does to illustrate the situation. If apropos, well—if malapropos, better.

The way of it was this: There was a good Samaritan out one night. The hour was late—not later, nor latest—and pedestrians on the streets were few. That didn't matter to the G. S., meaning the Good Samaritan. What did matter to him was that he fell in with a stranger who was wayworn, weary, mazed, mixed like. The wayworn didn't seem to know where he was himself. It was after hours for police officers to be awake and about. There was but one course for the Good Samaritan. Weary as he was himself, he took it.

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Similarly he took the wayworn's arm, told him to come on—he'd see him home. It proved to be a large contract; but G. S. was as good as his word. A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Weary and Wayworn took the zigzag topography, which is longer and apt to be lurchier. But they got there, that's the main thing. By some hocus-pocus it was "Weary's" door and "Wayworn" had the key to it. How explain it? Oh, that's easy: Wayworn was the man on the job. He knew where and what it was and what was needed to be done. He knew how to do it, from experience and —virtue was its own exceeding great reward. If I were to talk an hour, I couldn't better illustrate how the man

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on the job is a providence, special if necessary.

But I'll venture another aptitude: It has to do with a youth who was a college graduate, then a cowboy graduate of the wild and woolly west, then out of one official ranch in Gotham into another; onto every job in the line till he got into the Navy Department; next, onto the Spanish and half-breeds in Cuba; next into a Round Robin, next the job of governing New York State, then the Vice-presidency; then the Presidency; next onto the Trust-bustin' job. He's a young man yet, healthy, vigorous and willing—and the record-breaker. The secret? Same as any other man on the job: He's there. He's ready for the job. He knows all about it. He's a general providence specialized

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for the job. He's onto the job, and that settles it. It matters not whether it is a fightin' job, a talkin' job, a peace congress job, a big game hunt job; preachin', prayin', politics, Chataqua, race suicide, sociology, criminology, geology—all the ologies clean through to doxology, that man's onto the job, and he's a young, vigorous man yet.

I could go on citing cases in proof indefinitely; but what's the use? There are numerous jobs in a big, bustling country. Don't fret. The man on the job'll be there on schedule time. That's the way of providence—general providence, specialized for the occasion and the man on the job.

In this country, especially, opportunities abound. They are open to all alike. The man on the job isn't always

The Man on the Job

altogether a joke. It is the man who, being fitted for the job, does not wait for it to come for him, who aids in the march of world progress and makes his own life a success. If he acquits himself well on his first job, he is marked for promotion. The element of risk is reduced to its lowest terms—practically eliminated. The usual exception marks this rule—meaning the case of cashiers—men who handle other men's money. This is but too sadly manifest.

The majority of men do one thing measurably well. Some do two or more, few do many and none do all.

Laugh at the egotistical man on the job if you will. He is a progressive. He fits the era. A few years hence he will laugh best who laughs last—that will be the man on the job.





THE FITNESS OF BACBKNUMBERS

*At a Dinner of the Morocco Men's Association
in the Hotel Windsor Atlantic City*



THE FITNESS OF BACK NUMBERS.

MR. TOASTMASTER:

By way of explanation, for I scorn to admit the need of apology, let me say that the earnest words I purpose to employ are not in the line of rebuke, but in those scarcer, higher-priced commodities: advice, expostulation and encouragement; and rare and dear, and all unprotected by any tariff schedule, as they are, I propose to give them away. Without any more preface I intend to take my perilous, headlong plunge into a sea of words and bring up pearls of wisdom for free distribution—only asking that each will choose those which best harmonize with his complexion.

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It amuses and interests me to find in so many phases of society, so many representations of the various conditions, or epochs, of human progress, in all periods of its history. Here are met the old man and the young man, the slow man and the fast man, the jolly man and the morose man, the man who, eagle like, goes onward and upward, and the man, like the lobster, who goes backward.

Upon accepted authority our folklore, proverbs and songs come from early Aryan times. See how they fit present conditions. For example:

Rock-a-by baby on the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.

I want you to notice the truth of this, as a reason why it still survives and



The Fitness of Back Numbers

shapes the life of society to-day—just because truth is immortal. We are all of us likely to get among the tree tops. It is a pleasant experience up there if the cradle sways gently; but when the wind blows the cradle rocks, when the bough breaks the catastrophe happens just as it did five thousand years ago. Many of us have been there and know how it is ourselves—though we do not tell it publicly. It is a glorious sensation when the wind blows and the cradle rocks; but when the bough breaks and the fall comes—well you know how it is the next morning. What is most provoking about it is the fact that the bough didn't break at all, nor the cradle fall—for there swings the same old cradle on the same old bough, just yawning for another victim—or the

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same one over again. Oh, of course no man, who has had a fall, is ever going to swing in that cradle again; he is never going on the tree top again. That is good, if the man would stick to it, but he doesn't. We all tempt fate to another fall, and another and another. Ah, human nature aspires as of yore, but it gets its tumbles the same as in the lang syne, for here's another proverb as old, as the cradle rocking one: "Whatever goes up must come down."

I like to stand aloof in philosophical calmness, and watch these old, old phases being repeated. I can tell, by the symptoms, just when a man is going to climb to that tree top, when the different stages of sensation are in progress—and practice and observation have made me expert in timing the catastrophe.

The Fitness of Back Numbers

There's no more common experience in life. I've been there myself many a time and oft, and I do not condemn the aspiration to rise, that is if a fellow doesn't want to get clear up out of sight—if he doesn't want to rise too high and stay up there too long—why, well if his physical constitution and by-laws will stand the racket—well, well they did it in Accadia thousands of years ago and the proverb comes down to us not even mouldy. As only truth is imperishable this must be truth! I notice, with varying emotions, that some of the ambitious ones, here to-night, are bent on climbing to the rock-a-bye cradle in the tree top. Fact is they've more than started already. Well, I admire nerve. I like a brave man. These men are old soldiers. They know the peril. They've been

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there before when the wind blew, and the cradle rocked, and the bough broke—and something dropped.

“Care killed a cat.” That’s another old one. There must be something in it. Truth in it or it wouldn’t be alive to-day. I don’t mean the cat. Now there’s more truth in this than appears on the surface. Concede the truth of it because it has survived for ages; lets analyze it, go from effect to cause. Maybe there’s a remedy. Well the effect was death; the cause care. Now consider that it was no ordinary knock out. It was a solar plexus—because the cat is next thing to immortal—nine lives. Care knocked ‘em all out.

Thomas, the growler, succumbed. Let’s see why. Thomas is a fighter. When he humps his back there’s going

The Fitness of Back Numbers

to be fur in the air. He's a sprinter, as well as a fighter. He's patient, sly, tricky, can see in the dark. Yet care killed him.

Care is man's enemy, too. It kills him, eventually. It is born with him, grows up with him. It wakes with him. It travels with him—roosts on his shoulder. He cannot shake it off, permanently. It's like Flippertygibbet, in Scotts' "Kenilworth," when he thinks he has tricked it and is rejoicing on his escape it drops on his shoulders from an overhanging shade tree by the road side. Men have been trying to kill care for ages. They are dead. Care survives. What then? Care is immortal, you cannot kill him. You have all tried drowning him in booze. It cannot be done—but you can beguile him, ignore him,





PARTY LOYALTY

At a Clover Club Dinner (immediately preceding a Republican Victory) in the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford Philadelphia



PARTY LOYALTY.

MR. PRESIDENT:

I believe in the duty and privilege of party loyalty. I want to say to you, as earnestly as I can, that I believe every man owes it to his own responsible manhood to attach himself to some political party, and be faithful to that party. It is a duty every Republican owes not only to himself but to his country and the great humanitarian principles the party so illustriously represents to the whole world. It is not only his duty but high privilege to be an active, intelligent, effective co-worker in that party—in its councils, its club life and at the polls. No man can shirk this duty, ignore this privilege and retain

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his own self-respect as a free and independent man. No party, especially a successful party, is without its evils. No human organization ever existed—civil, social, political or religious—with- out its evils. The question is, does the good overbalance the evil in any organ- ization under discussion? If it does, that party, that organization has earned and deserved the right to exist. If every man in this state, in both political parties, would ask himself that ques- tion, as to the Republican and Demo- cratic parties, and answer it conscien- tiously, without calling in an advisory board, there would be no need of a very strenuous campaign to urge voters to party duty—a great deal less to fear from the massive, portentous shadow of pernicious socialism that is rapidly

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spreading all over this country. Every intelligent voter knows the public record of each of the two parties has made and the principles they respectively stand for.

I am an organization Republican. As a boy I enlisted to help defeat armed treason, restore the Union in all its integrity and help wipe out with my own blood the hateful lie so long, so shamelessly blazoned on the folds of the old flag of liberty. I am a Republican, and always have been: Because Republicanism stands for the flag of the free in its integrity and entirety. Because it means higher civilization, refinement, wealth and prosperity.

Because it is the party of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley and Roosevelt.

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Because it means protection to labor against the aggressiveness of capital, and the protection of capital in its rights as well.

Because it means free schools for children and the means to educate them for parents.

Because it means expansion of country and extension of limits.

Because it has added to the public wealth, extended its markets and elevated the flag to the loftiest pinnacle in the places and the history of nations.

Because by a wise tariff system it has not only protected home labor but compelled foreign countries to pay a tribute fund out of which manual labor has been trained to surpassing skill, machinery perfected and vast capital

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aggregated that enable our artisans to outbid the world.

Because it means honest money.

Because it means progress, instant and constant, and because in nations, as in individuals, to stand still is to retrograde, to wither at the top, to decay.

Because it means freedom of mind as well, as of limb, and:

Because it has made mistakes, as we all have, and thereby vindicated its humanity, and further, and chiefly: Because it has learned by experience and admitted its errors by correcting them. If there is any stronger bond between men than this sign manual of humanity I do not know of it—but what of the malcontents, the men who claim to be Republicans and make a fusion with

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the Democrats to defeat Republicanism?

I assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that the personality of the yellow streak coterie is not conducive to a belief in its utterances:

I assert, that the yellow streak reformer, who would tear the rampant steed from the coat of arms of the State and put the yellow kid in its place—is a Republican who revels in Democratic success:

I assert that the unproven charges of chicane, fraud and theft made against public officials are a crime against every qualified voter:

I assert that the inciters and promoters of the current charges have been public pests for a quarter of a century, continuously arraigning friend against

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friend and disturbing the public peace and confidence in their efforts to control the party organization for their own personal aggrandizement.

I assert that the yellow streak displayed by the professional reformers symbolizes the bluff of the weak, the sneer of the discontented and the croak of the disgruntled;

I assert that the party organization is responsible to the people and that the professional reformer is a free lance, responsible to no one, not even to himself; and

I declare that the mendacious slander of public officials has sharpened the blade of the anarchist and poisoned the bullet for the assassin, surely, though indirectly.

The work of the yellow streakers has

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encouraged Democracy, and filled it with rosy-hued hope. The time has arrived when it is to be Republican or Democratic success. The on-the-side party is only a contingent-fee party. If there ever was a time when the Republican party of Pennsylvania, and of the nation, needed harmony that time is now. If there ever was a period when it became men wise in their own esteem and, forsooth, great in the eyes of the State, to lay aside the panoply of self-interest to the good of party, for the good of country that period is ripe now.

There are some boons, however, which it is impossible to purchase at too high a price and there are some we cannot afford to have at any price. There is, indeed, such a thing as paying

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too dear for your whistle. While I, as an individual, might be pardoned for trading away my own birth-right and compromising my own self-respect, I have manifestly, no right to commit the great party, of which I am only one member, to any policy that will hamper her usefulness, impede her progress or trail her proud banners in the dust of humiliation before her enemies, either within or without her camp.

The Republican party can afford to acknowledge and correct her errors in full and open view of an assembled world, and she will strengthen herself by so doing; but, she cannot afford to turn suppliant and kneel to her unnatural, ungrateful, parricidal offspring. She cannot afford to humble herself before the eyes of her ancient and open

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enemy. Such a course means, and would ensure, merited contempt, disgrace, disaster and damning defeat. Loving my party, as I do, I had rather see her go bravely down, dying by the traitorous stabs of parricidal hands, dying nobly, bravely, unflinchingly as she has lived, than see her eke out an ignoble life, crawling cringingly, cravenly before the whips and goads of traitors under whatever names they may cloak themselves, under whatever high-sounding platitudes they may envelop their selfish designs. In the one death there is a speedy, a glorious resurrection; for the other life there is reproach, shame, ignominy and a withering wandering to a grave it were a charity to hide.

Nevertheless, I believe in com-

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promise, but the kind of compromise that means mutual concession in just proportions to the size and importance of the respective factions. The yellow streakers are out for the control of the party organization. That is their sole object. Shall the party go to the dissenters? Shall the mountain go to Mahommet? Shall the parasite that has fastened itself in the tail of the kingly lion be of more importance than the royal beast himself? Shall David ask terms of Absalom? Shall the father crave mercy of his children? Shall the moon come down for a football at the wailing of babies? Manifestly, there is such a thing as eternal fitness and better might a David concede to an Absalom; a father crouch before his children, than the great party,

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Because it means protection to labor against the aggressiveness of capital, and the protection of capital in its rights as well.

Because it means free schools for children and the means to educate them for parents.

Because it means expansion of country and extension of limits.

Because it has added to the public wealth, extended its markets and elevated the flag to the loftiest pinnacle in the places and the history of nations.

Because by a wise tariff system it has not only protected home labor but compelled foreign countries to pay a tribute fund out of which manual labor has been trained to surpassing skill, machinery perfected and vast capital

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aggregated that enable our artisans to outbid the world.

Because it means honest money.

Because it means progress, instant and constant, and because in nations, as in individuals, to stand still is to retrograde, to wither at the top, to decay.

Because it means freedom of mind as well, as of limb, and:

Because it has made mistakes, as we all have, and thereby vindicated its humanity, and further, and chiefly: Because it has learned by experience and admitted its errors by correcting them. If there is any stronger bond between men than this sign manual of humanity I do not know of it—but what of the malcontents, the men who claim to be Republicans and make a fusion with

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offerings openly to the Democratic camp-fires—secure in the reflection that an honorable foe is better than an enemy lurking within the lines under the garb of common purpose, and interest.

As I make bold to hope are all good Republicans, I too, am, in favor of reform—a reform within the party, by the party and for the people; but I do not want that reform to come to us in the shape of a humiliating surrender of our autonomy, of our very separate and independent existence, dictated at the point of piercing perils. There is not, as I have already said, and there never will be a political, social, or even religious party or society, which after almost fifty years of busy success that does not need reform, and when it ceases

Party Loyalty

to be able and willing to reform itself, within itself, my advice is to stand from under—it is toppling to its ruin—but real reform, such as our party has proven itself ready and anxious to make, is quite another thing from a reform to make smaller men bosses of the party. I cannot persuade myself that I can grasp in its entirety the mysterious unknown factor in the equation of side-saddle reform—that means only the ousting of the masculine men to put in the feminine gentlemen. Let us, however, treat them decently, but let us at the same time preserve our own decency, and stand bravely to our guns, nay, more, push our guns forward and forward until the victory is won for real Republicanism and the election of our fellow-member as Governor.



IN CHICAGO

At a Dinner given in Kingsley's by James W. Scott of the Chicago Herald during the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago



IN CHICAGO

MR. CHAIRMAN:

It may be gratuitous information to tell you I come from Philadelphia. I fancy that four-ply fact stands out all over me. Why, when I emerged from the railroad station, and found men, youth, and boys of all ages and conditions running in every direction, I naturally fell in with the big throng that was crossing the bridge and ran with them, until I was exhausted and breathless. After I had gathered myself somewhat, I asked a one-legged man where the fire or riot was. "Fire, riot," said he; "there ain't none that I know of."

Some After Dinner Speeches

“ Well, what are all the people running for, then ? ” I asked.

“ Nobody ain’t a-runnin’ as I can see,” said he; “ that’s the usual gait.” Two or three boys, who had overheard the conversation, paused long enough to get a good look at me, and then resumed their gait with the pitying remark: “ He’s one of them Philadelphia fellers, you bet.” I don’t know how he guessed it, but he got there. Hailing from a quiet, Quaker city, representing a quieter, Quakerer club, my only justification for breaking my lifelong rule of listening, instead of talking, is that I’ve been asked to turn on the faucet of loquacity.

I want to congratulate the editors of Chicago on having accepted the Clover Club’s suggestion to unearth the details

In Chicago

of the landing of Columbus. It was a great undertaking, and I'm not so sure that the Clover Club didn't put Columbus up to it. However that may be, it is a subject of regret that Columbus was so previous, as it were, in discovering America. If Columbus had only waited until now, he would have come straight overland and landed in Chicago, just as all the big shows do—the National conventions, the big fairs and the like. But we are all prone to err, even the President of the Clover Club isn't infallible. We all make mistakes, and Christopher's error was that he came too soon—a few centuries too soon. He ought to have come *now*, with the Clover Club. See what a reception he would have had—judge of it by ours.

Some After Dinner Speeches

Having broken my rule of silence, I desire to say, Mr. Chairman, a word for myself to the Chicago gentlemen present before I get into the depths of my eloquence. I want to understand Chicago. I want someone to appoint a committee of one to show me the sights. The committee must know all Cook county's glories by sight and not be backward in talking about them. I make this stipulation because I know the aversion a true-blue Chicagoan has to dwelling on the greatness of his native, or adopted, city. I make one other condition—my guide must be of the masculine gender. I must draw the line somewhere. Some men wouldn't, but I do. I want to get accustomed to the Chicago gait. I want to take it back to new Philadelphia, and make the



In Chicago

rising generation a race of sprinters and long-distance runners. I want to see your hotels, your colleges, your baronial palaces, your art rooms, your boulevards, your Board of Trade rooms, and—the outside of your big bar-rooms. I want to see your hogs soused and your beef embalmed for Philadelphia's use. I want to see the nursery wherein Eugene Field conceived those beautifully tender rhymes which make men bigger and braver and better, and women more lovable, if possible, than ever. And I want to be taken up on your loftiest observatory, provided with a million horse-power spy-glass so I can get some idea of the limitless stretch of prairie you have lately incorporated into the city. And then, when I have seen all else, I want to see the graves of your



Some After Dinner Speeches

heroes, the cenotaphs of those whose dust hallows Chicago, but whose fame fills the earth with perfumed censers—whose incense rises to heaven; whose deeds Time heralds and Eternity re-echoes. I want to stand bareheaded and reverend at the tomb of Stephen A. Douglass, whose dying words for American liberty and American Union, in the wigwam in New York, where he had been carried, words spoken regardless of party ties and affiliations, words that converted the incredulous, confirmed the halting, cemented the broken ranks and united the great North in a holy war for the union of states and the union of hearts. I want to catch the glow and fervor of his unselfish patriotism until I can say: Let my finish be like his.



In Chicago

Oh, Mr. Chairman, there is much material for a speech to-night, if I were disposed to talk, and your courtesy constrained you to listen. I might talk about clubs, for instance. I couldn't go back to their origin. Man is a gregarious animal, and clubs date back to antiquity. The club is the one millennial spot in man's life. It is the place where he can throw off all restraint, and tell everything he knows, relying implicitly upon his confidence being respected. It is the one place where he can be secure from hearing the tattle and slander and bickerings of outside society, where he can put his wallet down upon a table and be sure of finding it when he needs or wants it; where he can believe every word that is said to him; where he finds everybody else wil-

Some After Dinner Speeches

ling to give up their opinions, their prejudices, their comfort to him—in fact, the club is a little oasis in the Sahara of life, green with the verdure of social amenity, bright with the flowers of friendship, and bubbling over it all are sparkling fountains of the brand of champagne you like best. That is the ideal club, and I don't see why you shouldn't have it in Chicago, though for the life of me I don't see why you need such a thing. I am not intimately acquainted with the people of this great city, but, judging from what I have heard, you are an obdurately, obstinately puritanical people, an exceptionally moral community. What then do you want with a club? If you must have one, strive for the ideal, equal the Clover if you can. But, badinage



In Chicago

aside, there is good in clubs. They have their sentimental side. The portals of the club room, next to the sacred precincts of home, shut out the jealousies, rivalries, avarices, restless, selfish ambitions of the world. In its membership hand grasps hand in good fellowship, as pure as this world contains, as this life inspires; and heart meets heart in silent, cogent sympathy. The business man shakes off his load of carking care at the door of his club and finds surcease of sorrow, or the next best gift of heaven: the silent sympathy that lightens sorrow's load by generously sharing the burden; finds it in every clasp of the hand, in every glance of the eye, and in every outspoken word freighted with the balm of unostentatious condolence. It is the silent, as

Some After Dinner Speeches

well as the voiceful, sympathy of comrades that sanctifies affliction into a holy memory, that draws the dart and heals the wound, leaving only the sacred reminiscence as the halo of a guardian angel thrown 'round him to strengthen and inspire the man. Club life, Mr. Chairman, enlarges as well as refines the man. Even the great newspaperman—he whose practiced finger is ever on the throbbing pulse of the great world, aye even unto him who is at once the business manager, poet, statistician, scientist, theologian, and everything else on the greatest paper west of New York, feels it, and we are his guests to-night. I think we ought to drink one honest bumper to Scott, your Scott, our Scott, great Scott—Now.



BULLS AND BEARS

*At a Clover Club Dinner with Brokers and
Bankers as the Special Guests in the Hotel Belle-
vue Philadelphia*



BULLS AND BEARS

MR. CHAIRMAN:

The dinner committee seems to have been diabolically insidious in its selection of a basic theme for discussion tonight. I consider it aimed point blank at me. I admit it hits the mark. I'm a chronic victim. I've been bull, bear and lamb by turn when I went in, always bare when I emerged; with the orthography changed to b-a-r-e and savagely italicised with the clippers. Finding, in my own case, there was no protection for lambs in the McKinley or Dingley tariff bills, I decided to open an asylum where lambs could be sure of getting what they most need: advice and sympathy galore. No one who

Some After Dinner Speeches

knows me will misinterpret my motive. It is a good action, I'm aware, but I am not asking praise. A good action is its own reward, and though I scorn the imputation that I was influenced by hope of financial reward, yet I find I cannot escape it. I want to say that I am not much of a Darwinian. I neither affirm nor deny the doctrine of evolution. I will venture the assertion, though, and challenge proof to the contrary, that the whole human race did not evolve up from one genus or species into man. Had it been so, all had been bulls or bears or lambs, and where then would have been the noble sport of bull-baiting, bear-dancing and lamb-shearing? The pessimist assures us the race is degenerating. I'm not a pessimist, but I can't deny that the indictment seems to

Bulls and Bears

fit the case in this one particular: the bull, bear and lamb families are rapidly, not to say alarmingly, on the increase, numerically. As to the lambs, it is notoriously a survival of the fittest. A real hardy lamb will evolute into a bull or bear, or both, by turns after many shearings. It is a heroic process, and is entitled to some applause, if not profit. The whole question in political economy, as worked out in my new asylum, academy and training school—office hours from 10 to 3—is one of production and consumption—that is, as it is practiced by brokers in search of commissions. There is nothing like going to the bottom of a thing. Now, I want to show you the relation between the elements of composition in the stock exchange. Reduced to strict funda-

Some After Dinner Speeches

mental principles, they are producers and consumers, and the consumers are always superimposed upon by the producers. In other words, the producer is the lamb, the consumer the bull and bear. It is not a new principle of traffic. It is older than history. Lang syne the enterprise was managed by force. When a town was captured, it was always compelled to produce. Dick Turpin on Hounslow Heath, and Captain Kidd on the high seas, were after producers, and always demanded that they produce all they had. Enlightened society of the 20th century does not go at the game so rudely, but it gets there all the same. The bulls and the bears simply cover the lambs and call on them to produce. They produce every time. Then the bulls and the

Bulls and Bears

bears have a monkey and a parrot time of it sharing the spoils. Again, it is the survival of the fittest. The greatest problem is where the new flocks of lambs come from when the others are sheared cruelly clean; but they always do come—and they always produce. I know, because I've been there. That's the reason I opened my academy and training school midway between the lamb and the bull and the bear, so that I might protect the produceer—with advice and sympathy—and so mitigate his torture, if I could not avert his doom. Do come and see me. I believe I could even alleviate the sufferings of the Darby ram in my establishment; by putting aside, for the nonce, the practical, let us remember that beyond and above the bitterness of struggle there is always room

Some After Dinner Speeches

for a glittering, redolent grain of pure sentiment, a measure of honey in the carcass of corruption. Sampson's riddle is apt yet: Out of the strong came forth sweetness; out of the beasts Sampson slew came forth a delicious feast of honey for the belted champion. So out of the carcasses of the bull ring and bear pen the bees in the Clover field have erected a temple to fraternal friendship and to brotherly love, upon whose smoking altars are laid not the sheared and shivering lambs, but the selfishness that mars, the deception that unmans, the cruelty that degrades. Out of the noxious mass purified by fire arises the incense that purifies the air, sweetens life, and ennobles manhood. They have called a symposium about those altars, and by quick evolution the beasts are

Bulls and Bears

transformed to men, the men to brothers; children of one All Father, whose kingdom is love, whose canopy is fellowship.



MY BIRTHDAY

*At a Birthday Dinner given by a large Coterie
of friends on New Year's day 1908 in the Hotel
Bellevue-Stratford Philadelphia*



MY BIRTHDAY

MR. TOASTMASTER:

With no little feeling I want to acknowledge my appreciation of the kindness and thoughtful consideration which prompted this friendly greeting, and to return my most earnest, ardent and abundant thanks. If I had words to commensurately thank you for this remembrance, this expression of your friendship and good wishes, I'd try to use them; but I should beggar the language in vain in the attempt to tell you of the tumultuous gratitude that riots in my heart and defies expression in speech. I feel to-night, here among friends, tried and true, who have made my natal day an occasion to testify for

Some After Dinner Speeches

me their regard and confidence so delicate that I am more than compensated for the burden of accumulated years, and can go forth with the new calendar year with a kinder feeling for the world, with a renewed and improved confidence in the bond of human friendship; with a renewed respect for and trust in myself, and even a dearer, tenderer, holier love for my friends, so stanch and true. I feel, and reverently hope, I shall go hence with a more comprehensive view of the great plan of Providence that appears to temper prosperity with adversity, enhance success by temporary failure, to demonstrate that success and wealth are not everything, but merely a means to an end—and that end the holiest prompting in the human heart—that of friendship. Lost wealth

My Birthday

may often be regained, but lost friendship, rarely. I rejoice that you have deemed me worthy of the better boon of your friendship. It is inestimably more precious than wealth, for wealth cannot buy it. There are violent passions that wear themselves out, ardent pursuits that corrode; selfish enjoyments that fade and wither while the dew is yet on them; exuberant joys that rust and weaken both mind and heart; but there is tender, silent, satisfying, sacred ecstasy in friendship, tried and true, that is incorruptible and fades only with death.

I am glad beyond expression to greet you all in the spirit of this occasion.

I accept from you the courtesies, the fraternities, the hopes of the season, and congratulate you all that by dili-

Some After Dinner Speeches

gently heeding the laws of nature, with occasional lapses to mark the rule, you are yet alive to meet, greet and treat your guest at the advcnt of the new year. I am glad you are proud of him. You ought to be. Whose birthday, barring George Washington's and your own, can you recall so readily? Is it Napoleon's or Cæsar's? If not, whose?

New Year's day now is a bigger man than old Santa Claus. I have seen this innovation grow up with some apprehension that when I am no longer here the veneration attached to the day may die; but that was years ago. I am convinced, now, that the nations of the world will go on celebrating my birthday with increasing eclat as the years go by. When Napoleon's birthday is forgotten, Cæsar's never thought of—mine

My Birthday

and George Washington's—George Washington's and mine, probably I ought to say—will go howling down the ages. See what I gained—you all missed—by my foresight in locating my natal day! But, as long as I am here to accept your compliments on my wisdom, you shall all have as much joy in the occasion as I have.

I know you all have made good resolutions in deference to my birthday. I can see that in your eyes and manners, and I'll go bail you'll keep them, just as you see me keep mine. You have, I am sure, resolved to abstain from strong drink, except on occasions, and then to indulge as a duty, and only in severe, self-denying moderation. As to the occasion—well, only when you are depressed or elated or normal; when a

Some After Dinner Speeches

friend asks you or you ask a friend. That's what I call temperance and real self-denial. The Dryballs tell us that wine is the enemy of mankind, and they want to put it down. So do we. We agree perfectly, in results, but not in methods. They go behind closed doors and put it down in solitude. We want to put it down in the company of friends, at the shrine of good-fellowship, to lengthen life, strengthen love, double joy, and consign care and sorrow to oblivion, however temporary. We want ours with song and jest and sentiment floating on top of the chalice; selfishness, insincerity, silence and hypocrisy left in the dregs of the glass. So I predict it always will be so long as men are men—and celebrate my birthday. That's another way in which, in locat-

My Birthday

ing my birthday, I struggled to benefit my race in all the future. I have talked a good deal of myself, but you will kindly remember this is my day. I would like to talk about you if I knew any words that would fill the bill. It is a proud privilege to have such friends to rally 'round me. I appreciate your kindness, and for all the years and joys you cordially wish me I wish double measure to you all, and I would the wish were as potential as it is sincere.

I love these birthday festivals and reunions well enough to wish they'd come oftener, if only they did not, at each recurring one, leave us one year nearer to that haven of rest which we all sing and rhapsodize over, but even the best of us try to keep out of as long as possible will permit. I find, as the years go by,

Some After Dinner Speeches

like flitting shadows, that I become insensibly more and more clinginglly devoted to old friends living and the memories of old friends dead. I presume my feelings are not peculiar to me, but common to all who have crossed many years in safety. I have lived long enough to believe we should fill every hour, not devoted to duty and business, full of pleasure. Let us eat, drink, chat, sing and be merry while we may—always, or almost always, in moderation. Let us taste the sweets of mutual interest, sympathy, friendship and love. Let us apply the styptic to our own lacerated hearts by pouring wine and oil into each other's wounds. Life is in the living of it. We may not lengthen its limits, but we can broaden and deepen them. To the man who has

My Birthday

lived thus, mellowing into green old age,
Time has no shackles, Death no terrors.
Time may have seared his brow; Sorrow
may have ploughed furrows for
tear courses down his cheeks; his back
may be bent and his step uncertain, but
with his heart kept fresh by human love
and sympathy, his eye kept bright by
the perennial springs of mirth and good
fellowship, he will heed not the flight of
time, reck not the weight of years, and
when, late, Death comes to him he will
fight the grim monster while he can,
yield when he must, and leave the sweet,
enduring perfume of a pleasant memory
to his host of friends—and in that spirit
that feeling, I thank you all for the
honor you do me, the pleasure you give
me this night.



SHORT SPEECHES

*At a Dinner of the Five O'clock Club, in the
Hotel Bellevue Philadelphia*



SHORT SPEECHES

MR. CHAIRMAN:

Doubtless everybody here has noticed the brevity and pith of the speeches made to-night, and in that briefness lies the success of the entertainment. There are many here who have suffered almost to the verge of despair from long speeches, and perhaps some few who have once and again pressed the noxious chalice to the lips of friends; but that is all past and gone. Thanks to the successful mission of two clubs—the Five O'clock and the Clover—long, prosy speeches, after dinner, have gone the way of long prayers. Thanks to the successful endeavors of those two clubs, one man is no longer permitted to assas-

Some After Dinner Speeches

sinate the peace, happiness and digestion of a whole company that has never done him a single wrong. Life is too short to spend so considerable a portion of it in agony, as the ancient custom of post-prandial oratory compelled. I believe in entertainment, but good goods, in the way of speeches come in small packages. It is an exchange of prosiness for wit, humor and sentiment; of misery for mirth, of the blue-devils of dyspepsia for the joys of digestion that wait on appetite. Though we don't get so much for our money, we carry it easier and realize on it more profitably.

I recall an old story. A story of New Jersey in camp-meeting days. The old man kept a cross-roads grocery store, and sold dry-goods—and wet-goods as well. He couldn't write, so he kept the

Short Speeches

score of his delinquent patrons chalked up on the back of the store door, each one's account being identified by some personal peculiarity. Thus John Smith had a small eye, Bill Johnson a big head, Henry Jones a prominent nose, Tom Brown a plural chin, and so on. Well, a great camp-meeting was being held some miles away from the store, and his old wife became interested. She wanted the old man to shut up shop and go to meeting with her on Sunday; but he wouldn't hear of it. However, as the morning passed, and customers being scarce, piety got the better of the old man, and they started off and spent the day at the meeting. Returning at night, he went into the store, and lo! everything had been effaced from the back of the store door. I shall not re-

Some After Dinner Speeches

peat his pious observation—your imagination will supply that. The next day, when the wife went into the store to call him to breakfast, she found him striving to reproduce the score on the door from memory. He didn't go to breakfast. At dinner time he was in better humor and ready for his meal. His wife ventured to ask: "Well, Joshua, did you get the accounts all down?" He said: "No, not all of 'em, but I got 'em on to better parties." That's the way with the banqueters at our club symposiums. They don't get so much oratory, but they get it on to better parties; and I refer to the Five O'clock Club and the Clover Club as the pioneers in this happy enfranchisement from the terror, the nightmare spell of set speeches. It is a notice to the old school

Short Speeches

orator that his occupation is gone; that joy has succeeded heaviness, mirth and sentiment taken the place of suffering and irksomeness. Philadelphia's two famous dining clubs have not only shown the world how to banquet on good things, but how to enjoy the feasts they spread. They have not only saved the guests from the horror of long speeches, but also saved the post-prandial prat-tlers from weary days and nights of preparation and research. They have not only opened the door of Fellowship's Hall with the sorcerer's key, but filled it with the sprites of joy and mirth. They not only tickle the palate, but they satisfy the soul.

They not only invite to conviviality, but pull down all political, social and professional barriers. They not only



SHORT SPEECHES

*At a Dinner of the Five O'clock Club, in the
Hotel Bellevue Philadelphia*





FAREWELL

*At a Clover Club Dinner given to Governor
Bunn previous to his departure for Idaho*



FAREWELL

MR. PRESIDENT:

This was not altogether unexpected, and I believe I am quite ripe enough for the roasting—if you are that way inclined. Sagely, the wise man said: “There is a time for all things.” I think, however, there are, at least, two times for one thing,—and that one thing is retrospection. When the liver is deranged—no matter from what cause—digestion impaired, the tongue furred and cracked and the pulse fitful; when the night is dark, the wind high, the windows agueing in the casements; when nature is asleep and everybody in the house snoring breezy accompaniments to the elemental strife without,

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Some After Dinner Speeches

while sleep coquettes with fever in your brain, that is one of the times for retrospection. How the frightful ghosts of the dead past tenant the lonely room and flit airily before and about you! How every particular peccadillo rises in judgment before you; sits in judgment upon you! How the uneasy darkness about you seems a faithful mirror on which morning, with its lantern, flashes its bull's-eye focus until all the past is seen quite too vividly for peace and comfort. Preserve me from such a retrospection! Neither would I summon its wraiths from the past for one of you, if I could. Let those welcome it whose past holds no mistakes, stores no faults, hides no mortifying peccadilloes. We are all human! The other time for retrospection is when the tide of life bears

Farewell

one adrift upon its outward current from the smooth, calm haven of home, home-scenes and home surroundings; from friends and ties of kindred affection and association. Then the mirror of the past is full of pleasant pictures. Faults are forgotten, errors condoned. Only soothing memories have any standing in that court of retrospection. The past is all white and bright. It is only the future that has a shade of gloom. As the man sentenced to a term of solitary confinement counts not the dreary prison days a part of life, but ticks them off one by one in imagination until they have all gone and opened the prison doors again to give him life and light and air; as the exile of middle life, or mature years, ticks off the term that is to hold him in banishment, bridges

Some After Dinner Speeches

the chasm, in fancy, and leaves imagination free to riot in the pleasure of a renewal of old times, hoping against hope, praying against grace that all the hands that met his with an answering thrill at the parting may be there to greet him with their ready welcome back. As I stand before you to-night, I refuse to recognize or entertain the thought that all my friends will not be here to meet me when I return, or even that I shall not surely return to meet and greet them. Let us look only at that side of destiny that discloses the rose and secretes the thorn.

What a world of parting this is! There are partings that are gladly endured, and those that are more than suggestive of pain. There are partings when the voice is hushed, although the

Farewell

dear ears are deaf to all earthly sounds, to thunders' reverberations; to earthquakes' shocks, that only the trumpet of Gabriel can awake; partings where the air is stilled by the sympathizing sceptre of inanimate nature until the low tolling of the bell serves to fill all the world with its quavering undulations; and there are partings where the hands clasp in convulsive lingering while the eyes bravely strive with each other to hide the glint of unshed tears; partings that may be for a week, a month or a year; and yet over these partings the shadow of uncertainty depends, and with the prospect of reunion here on earth come all the elements of chance.

Speaking for myself, I recall with pleasure the associations of the past that have welded my sympathies and af-

Some After Dinner Speeches

fections to the hearts of my friends. As I stand here, wizard memory keeps conjuring scenes and echoes of the past until all the present overflows with them; all the future is full. Trooping tumultuous they come, like hasty bil-lows running to kiss the shore and wipe their eyes upon the willing strand, until the world holds nothing else for me. But I am not at my best, I find, as a speaker on such an occasion. Where the heart is too full, the lips are dumb; where memory pleads for the past, the present can but stand by with bowed head; the heart feels most when the lips are silent and the hands speak the fond farewell. I go, but I shall return. Keep a light in the window for me. But, Mr. President: One of our best beloved recently left us to return no more. Time has

Farewell

wrought some changes within this temple of love, around this shrine of friendship within the latest year. Hands we used to grasp in fond response we have seen lying white and pulseless across the faithful hearts of our fellow-members. Eyes that were wont to look lovingly, loyally into our eyes, we have seen closed and sealed for eternity. Now and again it has been one of the original founders of the Club who has left scenes he loved so well for the fadeless clover that blooms forever on the plains of Paradise. While we rejoice together here in the light and warmth and fellowship of this anniversary, the mortal form of one of our best beloved sleeps the long, dreamless sleep alone in a dark, chill grave in Laurel Hill Cemetery, beneath a coverlet of snow—no

Some After Dinner Speeches

whiter, no purer than his own gentle, faultless life. I will not attempt to pronounce a eulogy. There are no adequate words in my vocabulary. In all the sweet, lovable, charitable, noble elements that make up a rare and perfect manhood, I know of no man, living or dead, whom I could compare with him. You all knew him as well as I did, and loved him as much—more were impossible. Where words are inadequate, silence alone is eloquent. Over his grave glows the taper of life, and the low-voiced sing his requiem. The constant swing of earth rocks him in his eternal sleep. We cannot bring him back in the flesh; but his memory neither time nor change nor death can rob us of. Let us drink in the tears of the grape to that memory—standing—

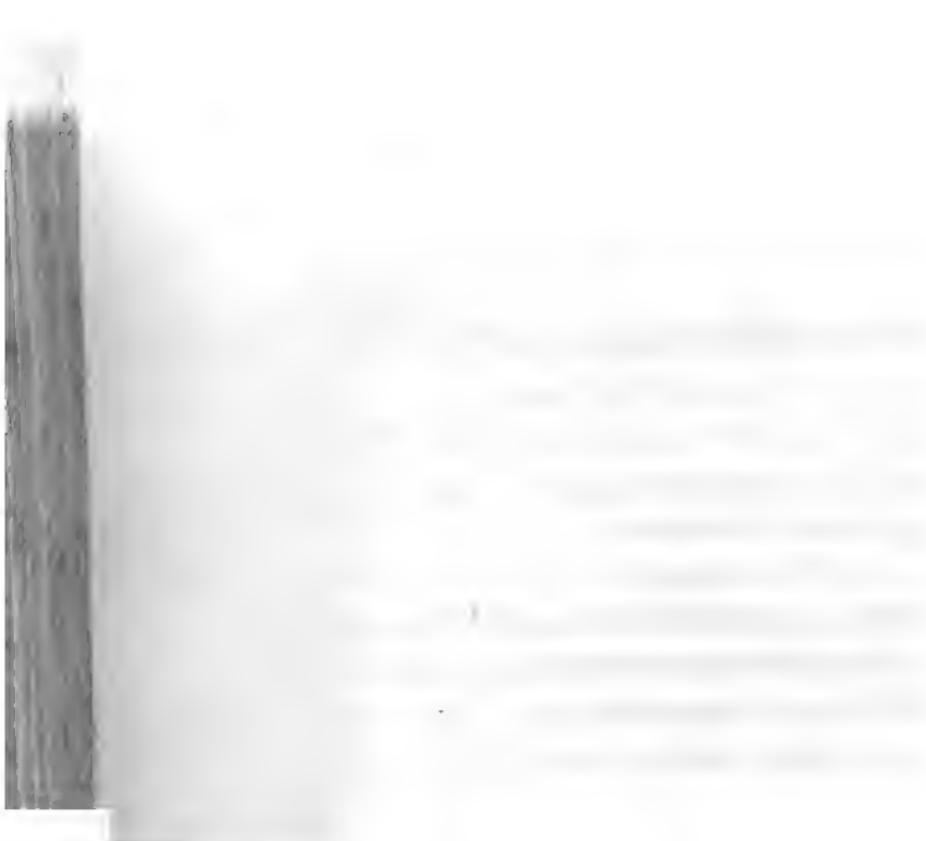
Farewell

“Now stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies ;
Here a glass to the dead already,
Hip, hurrah for the next man who dies.” *

That is well—the old refrain of “Hurrah for the next man who dies” is as saddening, but as bravely chanted, as ever.

And now, Mr. President, if our sweet singer will give us “FAREWELL, MY OWN,” and the entire membership will lift its dulcifluous voice in chorus, I shall go away on my mission to-morrow with a less saddened heart. FAREWELL, MY OWN !

* It is a custom of the Clover Club to sing this refrain whenever announcement is made of the death of a member.—ED.



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